

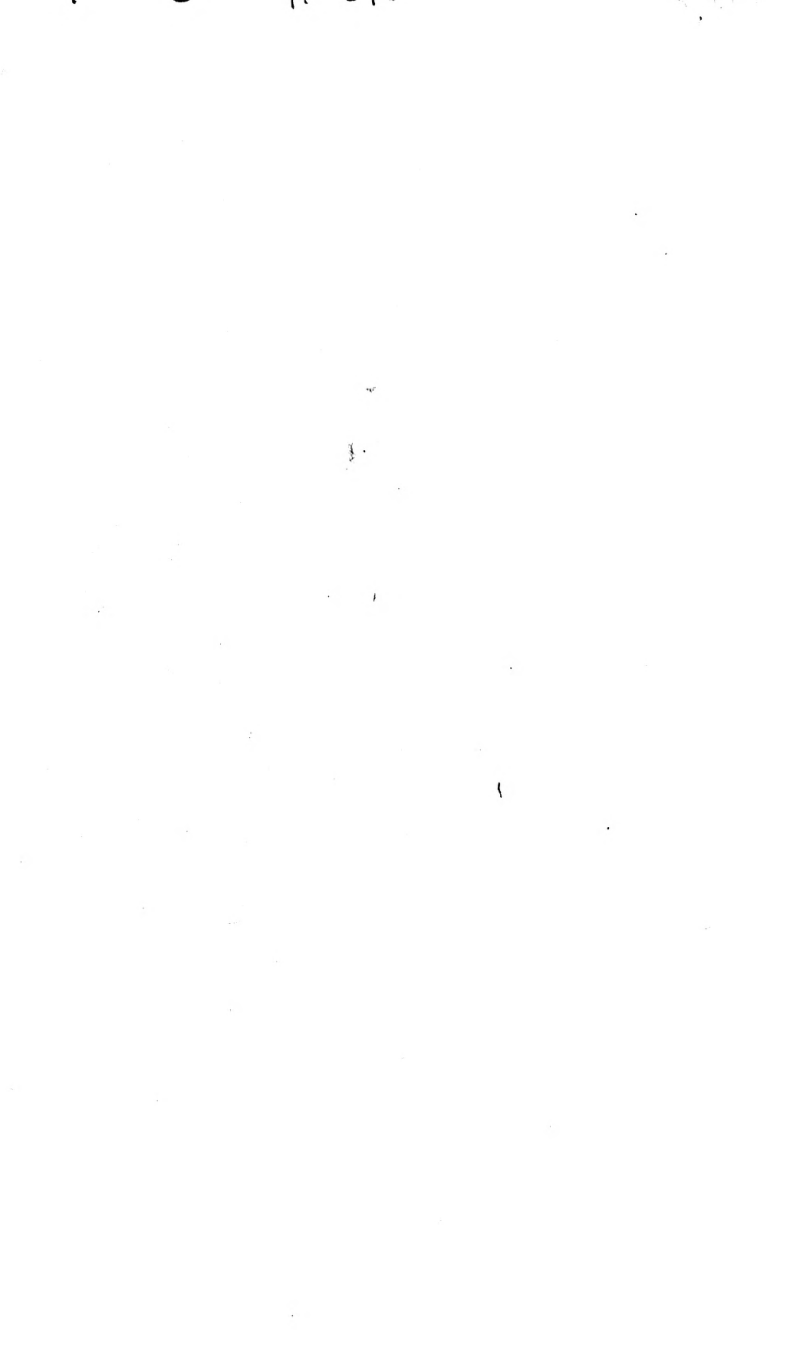


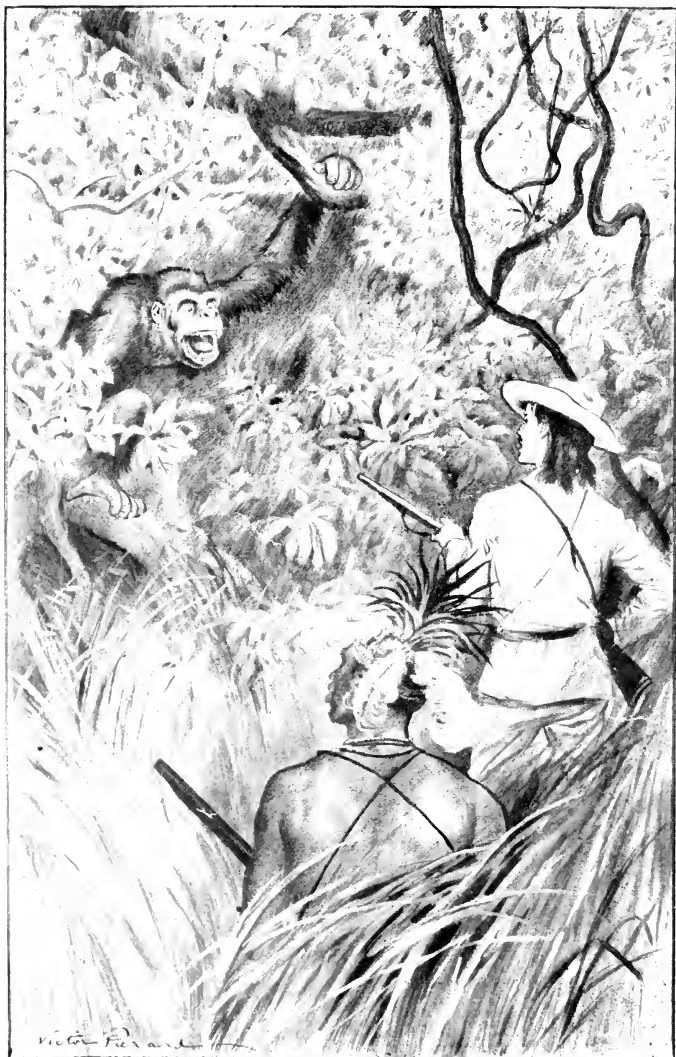
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Henry H. Bucher





*"I saw peeping through the leaves a black fierce face
looking at us."*

In African Forest and Jungle

By

Paul Du Chaillu

Author of

“King Mombo,” “The World of the Great Forest,” “The Viking Age,”
“The Land of the Long Night,” “Ivar the Viking,” “The Land of the
Midnight Sun,” “Explorations in Equatorial Africa,” “Stories
of the Gorilla Country,” “Wild Life under the Equator,”
“Lost in the Jungle,” “My Apingi Kingdom,”
“The Country of the Dwarfs,” etc., etc.

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Contents

CHAPTER I

	PAGE
A canoe-voyage to the country of Rotembo the Chief — A toilet of ceremony — Rotembo's grotesque costume — A formal reception — Speeches of Rotembo and myself — A dance in my honor — My presents to the chief — We become good friends	1

CHAPTER II

I propose to go into the forest to hunt — Rotembo promises me three gifts — Rogala, the famous hunter, the first of them — Description of Rogala — Andekko, the dog, the second gift — Ndova, the monkey, the third — How Ndova was captured and reared — I give Rotembo some of my hair	8
--	---

CHAPTER III

Preparations for departure — Off for forest and jungle — A herd of elephants — We camp for the night — Ndova calls monkeys of his tribe within range — We kill two of them — Feeding on roast monkey — A deserted house — A story of witchcraft	21
---	----

CHAPTER IV

The home of Rogala — His hunting-trophies — A weird spot — Aspect of the surrounding forest — Shinshooko and Alapai — Leopards in the neighborhood	30
--	----

CONTENTS

CHAPTER V

	PAGE
We build a leopard trap — A night on the watch — The beast appears at last — Caught in the trap and soon despatched — Her mate killed the following night — Excitement of Andekko and Ndova	36

CHAPTER VI

My hunters and I become great friends — Andekko and Ndova grow fond of me — We take Ndova into the forest — He calls monkeys to us again — Andekko's prowess as a hunter — A female gorilla and her baby — We kill the mamma and Andekko kills the baby	41
---	----

CHAPTER VII

Fight between monkey tribes, nkagos and mondís — My gun puts both sides to flight — A visit from the bashikouay ants — Everything flies before them — We drive them off with firebrands and boiling water	49
---	----

CHAPTER VIII

Rogala's wife's parrot — I use it as a decoy — Parrots prove tough eating — The ngozos grow wary — Shinshooko discovers elephants in the neighborhood — We go after them and kill two	54
---	----

CHAPTER IX

We build a fortified camp in the depths of the forest — Structure of the camp — Laying in stores of provisions — Koola nuts — Source of my influence over the natives	62
---	----

CHAPTER X

I take a swim in a crystal pool — Driven out by a huge snake — I kill the snake — Camp-fire talk — How to hunt — Importance of silence and noiseless movements	68
--	----

CONTENTS

CHAPTER XI

	PAGE
Another excursion — Footprints of gorillas (nginas) — Listening to the monsters' roaring — Two of them calling to each other — They gradually draw near to each other and to us — They meet and we sleep in the forest — Sudden appearance of the male ngina — Killing of the ngina and his mate	72

CHAPTER XII

Ndova as a test of poisonous fruits and berries — He discovers a beehive — A feast of honey — Andekko's usefulness in hunting — Koola nuts — We kill two wild boars — Capture of a baby "man of the woods"	80
--	----

CHAPTER XIII

Ndova's thoughtfulness — His winning and sportive ways — He feels lonely and calls for other monkeys to come to him — A troop of eleven appear — I frighten them away	91
---	----

CHAPTER XIV

Uneasiness of Rogala — He fears the new moon may see and bewitch him — He builds a small house and hides in it — He has an attack of fever, which he ascribes to witchcraft	96
---	----

CHAPTER XV

Rogala leaves the camp — Non-appearance of Shinshooko and Alapai — What happened to Rogala on his journey — He returns after four days with a powerful mondah which he buries before the camp	103
---	-----

CHAPTER XVI

We discover a pair of nshiego-nkengos — Description of them — Capture of a young one — He makes friends with Ndova and Andekko — His speedy death	112
---	-----

CONTENTS

CHAPTER XVII

	PAGE
My reckoning lost — Rogala and I go to an island where I can see the heavens — We reach it by a raft and build a house — Turtle's eggs in profusion	119

CHAPTER XVIII

Appearance of the southern heavens at night — Homesickness — I take several observations — Astonishment of Rogala — Find that I am ninety miles south of the equator	125
--	-----

CHAPTER XIX

We cross the river and hide our axes — Ndova's fright at a python — Andekko finds a leopard's lair — We capture two leopard cubs — A visit from savages — They are frightened by my Waterbury clock	131
---	-----

CHAPTER XX

Leave the island for our camp — Monkeys among the trees — Find everything untouched — I get lost following nginas — Am lucky enough to find koola nuts — Camp under the koola tree — Another night in the forest	139
--	-----

CHAPTER XXI

Plantain peelings to eat — Human footprints lead me to a village — The villagers evidently warlike — Admitted within the gate — Awe of the people at sight of the Oguizi	145
--	-----

CHAPTER XXII

Alarm of my hunters at my absence — Rogala sets out to search for me — His superstitious terrors — Consults his ogana, or idol — Finds my traces at last and follows me to the village	150
--	-----

CONTENTS

CHAPTER XXIII

	PAGE
Witchcraft proceedings of the Bakalais — Two of the class “bewitched” — A negro albino — The idol Makambo — Her dread appearance — Return to camp — Monkeys overrun the camp — I drive them off — Escape of Ndova — His unexpected return	154

CHAPTER XXIV

We come to the end of our provisions — Antelope skin boiled furnishes us a repast — Ndova decoys monkeys and we soon get food enough — Alapai finds fruits and nuts also	160
--	-----

CHAPTER XXV

I find strange footprints on the banks of a rivulet — Rogala and I set off in pursuit — We find a man under a koola tree — Surprise and capture him — Terror of our captive — We take him to camp and discover he is a cannibal	164
---	-----

CHAPTER XXVI

Ndova falls sick — Stung by a scorpion or bitten by a centipede — Refuses to eat — Grows weaker in spite of all our care and nursing — One morning I find him dead — We make a coffin for him and bury him in the forest	173
--	-----

CHAPTER XXVII

I go hunting in the forest with Andekko — Disappearance of the dog — Sounds of a fierce conflict — I find Andekko fighting with a mandrill — He kills his enemy, but dies of his wounds — Buried in the forest	178
--	-----

CHAPTER XXVIII

Our provisions fail — Attacked again by bashikouays — Release of Akenda-Mbani from his fetters — He proves a good trapper — “Gouamba” — My waking visions — Another hunting expedition — We kill two monkeys, then starve again	181
---	-----

CONTENTS

CHAPTER XXIX

	PAGE
Decide to break up our camp and return — Arrival at Rogala's home — I make myself a pair of skin trousers — Departure for Rotembo's village — Our grand reception and succeeding festivities — Rotembo's promise — Farewell	189

List of Illustrations

“ I saw peeping through the leaves a black fierce face looking at us ”	<i>Frontispiece</i>
The meeting with Rotembo	<i>Facing page 4</i>
Rogala and Andekko	“ “ 12
Ndova's mother tries to carry him away into the forest	“ “ 18
“ We raised our guns and aimed at the two biggest white-nosed ones and fired ”	“ “ 26
“ She looked at me in fear and trembling, and she and the children ran to hide ”	“ “ 32
“ The leopard was slowly crawling near ”	“ “ 38
“ We fired and brought him down ”	“ “ 44
“ Boiling water and hot ashes were thrown upon the ants and we put brands across their path ”	“ “ 52
“ Suddenly the bull made for the river ”	“ “ 58
“ Gun in hand, I watched for him to swim to the surface of the water ”	“ “ 70
“ He put his nose close to her face and moaned pitifully ”	“ “ 88
“ Soon I saw their heads peeping over the palisades ” .	“ “ 94
Rogala and his idol	“ “ 98
“ The two nshiego-nkengos had their backs turned towards us, and were eating pineapples ”	“ “ 114
“ When the raft was ready Rogala, Ndova, and Andekko crossed to the island ”	“ “ 122

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

“ When I was ready to take observations, I seated myself cross-legged before the artificial horizon ” . . .	<i>Facing page</i> 128
“ Rogala came out of the den holding two little live leopards by the neck ”	“ “ 136
“ Clearly this village belonged to a warlike tribe, whose people were always fighting ”	“ “ 146
“ When I saw him, I came towards him, and in an instant we were in each other’s arms ”	“ “ 152
“ Suddenly Rogala uttered a terrific war-cry and ran towards the man ”	“ “ 168
“ He ate with us, and consequently had the same food ”	“ “ 174
“ Andekko had pinned the mandrill down and they were fighting savagely ”	“ “ 180
“ At the end of the day I had made a pair of skin trousers ”	“ “ 190

In African Forest and Jungle

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

CHAPTER I

A CANOE-VOYAGE TO THE COUNTRY OF ROTEMBO
THE CHIEF—A TOILET OF CEREMONY—ROTEMBO'S
GROTESQUE COSTUME—A FORMAL RECEPTION—
SPEECHES OF ROTEMBO AND MYSELF—A DANCE IN
MY HONOR—MY PRESENTS TO THE CHIEF—WE
BECOME GOOD FRIENDS

THE canoe that took me from King Mombo to Rotembo the Chief was a dug-out made of a huge tree, and was of great length. On its prow was carved the head of a growling leopard. It was paddled by forty men. Rikimongani, the nephew of King Mombo, steered, and had the stick Omemba (the snake) with him to show that he carried the message of his uncle King Mombo to Rotembo the Chief.

Near the prow were two men who beat two tom-toms furiously almost all the time, which was to show that they were on an important mission.

The sun was very hot, and the heat was intense. The black oily skins of the men shone as if they had

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

been eelskins. The river banks were lined with mangrove trees, supported on their tall roots, and as the tide was low, we could see multitudes of oysters growing round them.

We passed at last the region of the mangrove trees, which only grow where the tide is felt and where the banks of the rivers are flat. Then the banks of the Ogobai river became hilly and clad with the trees of the forest to their very top. Here and there a flock of gray parrots with red tails were feeding on fruits, or a troop of monkeys was seen.

The following day, as we were approaching the village of Rotembo the Chief, we landed, and the men made their toilet so as to appear at their best when they arrived at the village of Rotembo.

Rikimongani put a shirt on, and a high silk hat — this was the costume he wore on state occasions. He was the best dressed man of the company.

Then we re-embarked, and as we paddled the men began to sing, and to beat the tomtoms furiously. Soon the village of Rotembo came in sight. Then the men sang louder than before, and their song was —

“ We come with the great Oguizi,
The great friend of King Mombo,
To Rotembo the great Chief ; ”

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

and they repeated these words over and over. They began to fire guns, thus showing that they were on a great mission and that it was an occasion worth wasting powder for.

As we came opposite the village of Rotembo, we suddenly turned towards the land, with the head of our canoe facing the village. Rikimongani stood up now so that the people on shore could recognize him. We landed in the midst of singing, tomtom-beating, and gun-firing.

As my paddlers jumped out of the canoe, they shouted to the great number of people that had come to look at us: "We are men! We are men! We have come with the great Oguizi." Then all became silent, and we passed through the people walking until we came to a large structure with a roof supported by pillars. There we waited for Rotembo the Wise, surrounded by hundreds of villagers.

Soon we heard the noise of the kendo, a rude iron bell, the emblem of chiefs. Rotembo was coming. As he rang it, he invoked the spirits of his ancestors to be with him, and soon I saw his tall erect form walking towards us.

He kept beating the kendo, and at last came under the great shed and walked towards the stool that was

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

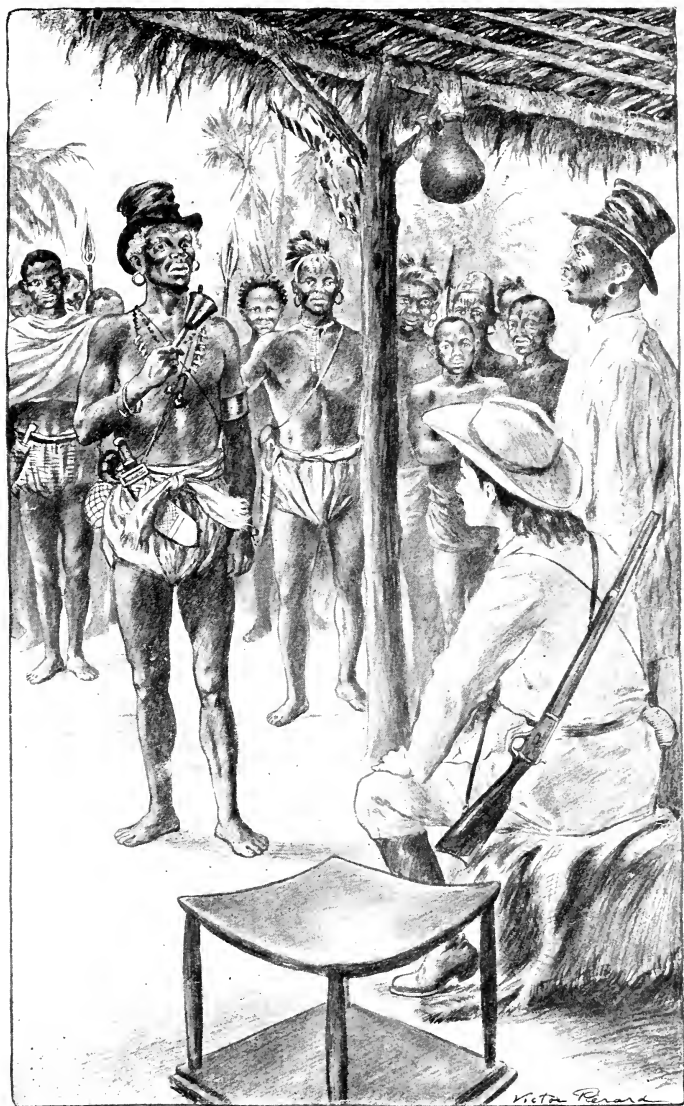
next to mine, then looked at me without saying a word and seated himself.

Rotembo was dressed with a waistcoat, a shirt, and an old silk hat, which to judge by its shape and shabbiness must have been at least twenty-five years old. He was covered with mondahs, or charms, that he believed had the power of preventing any harm from coming to him.

Then Rikimongani, with Omemba, the stick of King Mombo, in his hand, delivered the words of King Mombo to his uncle, saying :

“ My uncle King Mombo, who loves you dearly, sends the Oguizi to you. You must take care of him, give him food and water and all he asks of you. Let him go into the forest and hunt, and give him the best hunters that you have. Let him have his own way, and when he gets tired of the country, give him people, as I have done, to take him where he wants to go.”

Upon this Rotembo got up and said : “ It was kind of my kinsman King Mombo to send to me the great Oguizi. I will do what King Mombo has told me to do.” Then addressing me, he said : “ Oguizi, we have heard of you. Your fame is great all over the land. You are known as the good Oguizi. I want you to love me as you love King Mombo.”



The meeting with Rotembo.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

“Rotembo, great Chief,” I replied, “I wish to go and live in the forest. I desire to kill all the wild beasts I can and stuff them. I want to kill three or four of every kind of all the birds of the country and stuff them. I want to catch all the butterflies and insects I can and keep them. I wish to take them to the land of the Oguizis, and show there the creatures seen in the great forest where the black man lives.”

Rotembo's eyes seemed to become twice as large as they were before when he heard me speak in this manner. He looked at me with wonder and awe.

I said to him: “I mean what I say, and when you see me return from the forest you will find that I told you the truth and several canoes will be required for the skins of the animals I shall collect.”

“You shall go into the forest,” said Rotembo, “and stay with my slaves or people that are living there.”

Then, in presence of all the people of his village, he presented me with a goat, six chickens, and nine eggs, and a number of bunches of plantain. Here an egg has the same value as a chicken, for, as the people say, out of the egg comes the chicken. These presents showed that I was welcomed.

Rotembo was the chief of one of the clans that com-

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

posed his tribe, and in case of war his people, scattered in a goodly number of small villages, could muster many warriors.

Rotembo was tall, walked very erect, and had a commanding appearance. His hair was white; several ugly scars told of his warlike character and experiences in days gone by. When young he loved war, and the people feared him. Now that he had become old he loved peace, and his neighbors and people were happy on that account.

In the midst of vociferous cheers he put his kendo, the emblem of a chieftain, upon my left shoulder; then said with a loud voice: "During the time you stay with me you will be our chief; we will all obey you." After these words the tomtoms beat furiously, and guns were fired.

The speech-making being over, my men went to our canoe and brought back the goods I had with me. I had come to Rotembo rich, for I had brought twenty brass kettles, one hundred copper rods, a goodly number of bunches of beads, looking-glasses, fire steel and flints, files, and my "precious box," which I valued more than everything else I possessed, for in that box were the instruments and books which helped me to know my latitude and longitude, and the days of the week and of the month when I had

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

forgotten them, which was not uncommon after attacks of fever.

That evening we had a great dance, given in my honor. Rotembo himself danced before me in a most eccentric manner, making great contortions. His people applauded him vociferously. The women danced also.

The following evening, when every one was asleep, Rotembo came with Oyaya, his head wife, to get the presents I had for him. He also, like all the other chiefs to whom I made presents, implored me not to tell anyone of the things I gave him.

After a few days' feasting, King Mombo's people returned to their country. Rotembo and I became very great friends in a short time. He came often to see me, for he was always delighted to hear my musical box and Waterbury clock talk to me. He liked to see my matches start fire suddenly, and he always wondered at my magnet. Once in a while I would give him little presents which he put in the bag he carried on his shoulder and which contained his small idol. No one ever thought that in the bag were bunches of beads and various other trinkets.

CHAPTER II

I PROPOSE TO GO INTO THE FOREST TO HUNT—
ROTEMBO PROMISES ME THREE GIFTS—ROGALA,
THE FAMOUS HUNTER, THE FIRST OF THEM—DE-
SCRIPTION OF ROGALA—ANDEKKO, THE DOG, THE
SECOND GIFT—NDOVA, THE MONKEY, THE THIRD
—HOW NDOVA WAS CAPTURED AND REARED—I GIVE
ROTEMBO SOME OF MY HAIR.

ONE day after I had been in the village some time, being in the house of Rotembo, I said to him: “I have been with you quite a while, and I wish now to go far into the forest. I wish you to give me a man whom you trust, a great hunter, who is not afraid of danger and who can face with his gun the most ferocious beasts of the country. He and I will live together in the forest.”

Rotembo looked at me with great astonishment, for he wondered why I wished to go and live in the forest by myself with only one man.

He remained silent for a minute or two, thinking deeply; then he said: “Oguizi, I will give you three gifts to go with you in the forest.”

“What are they?” I asked.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

“I will not tell you now,” he replied, “but you will know when they are before you.”

Then we separated, I wondering what were to be the three gifts Rotembo was to give me.

Four days passed by, and on the fifth, while I was seated by the side of Rotembo, a strange-looking man came before him, and bending very low took hold of his foot and said: “To do your bidding your faithful slave has come.”

I looked at the man with great curiosity, and learned that his name was Rogala and that he was one of the most famous hunters in the country.

Rogala was of medium height and exceedingly well proportioned. His legs and arms were very muscular and as hard as wood. His chest was broad, and his hands and feet were small, — a very common occurrence among the people of the forest. His eyes were full of fire and daring. He had a fighting chin, and he appeared to be about forty years old. Scars upon one of his legs told where a leopard had once wounded him. He wore a huge head-dress of eagle's feathers. His eyelids were painted red, and a red stripe from the nose upward divided his forehead in two parts. The face was painted white, and on each side of the mouth were two round red spots. He was covered with mondahs, or charms. One of these protected

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

him against witchcraft; another made him invulnerable against bullets, spears, or poisoned arrows — in a word, every one of them protected him against some evil or other.

Rotembo said to me: “ I can trust Rogala more than any other man in the country. I bought him when he was quite young, and he has forgotten the language of his tribe. He faces without fear the *ngina* (gorilla), the elephant, the leopard, and the fiercest bear of the country. He has killed during his life more than one hundred elephants and he has kept all their tails as proofs. The number of hippopotami that have fallen under his gun is very great; the necklace I wear round my neck is made of the canines of some of the leopards he has killed.”

I counted forty-eight of them; so Rogala had killed twelve leopards for the chief's necklace. He himself wore one with twenty-four canines; so before me were the witnesses of eighteen leopards that he had killed.

As I looked at Rogala, I said to myself: “ He is just the kind of man I should like to take into the forest with me.”

“ Rogala is one of the three gifts I have promised you,” said Rotembo.

I thanked the chief for the gift of Rogala, where-

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

upon he said to him: "You know that I have always treated you well. Several times when I wanted to marry the daughters of chiefs they said, 'Only upon one condition can you marry my daughter, and that is, that you give me Rogala.' I always refused them, for I would not part with you."

I did not wonder at it, for if Rogala had killed over one hundred elephants, the barter of their tusks had brought wealth to Rotembo.

"I have given you to the Oguizi while he is in my country," continued the chief. "You must take care of him as you do of me. You must follow him in the forest. You must sleep by his side. You must face the wild beasts with him, and show him that Rogala's heart knows no fear. Put no shame on me by running away before danger; if you do you might just as well die in the jaws of a wild beast, for I myself will kill you. He is my Oguizi, and I love him. See that he is never hungry or thirsty."

While the chief was talking, Rogala listened reverently. When Rotembo had done speaking, Rogala said: "Chief, the best of masters, Rogala always does what you order him to do. I will do all you say, and follow the Oguizi wherever he goes, and live with him in the great forest and hunt with him. I will take care of him just as if he were my sweetheart."

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

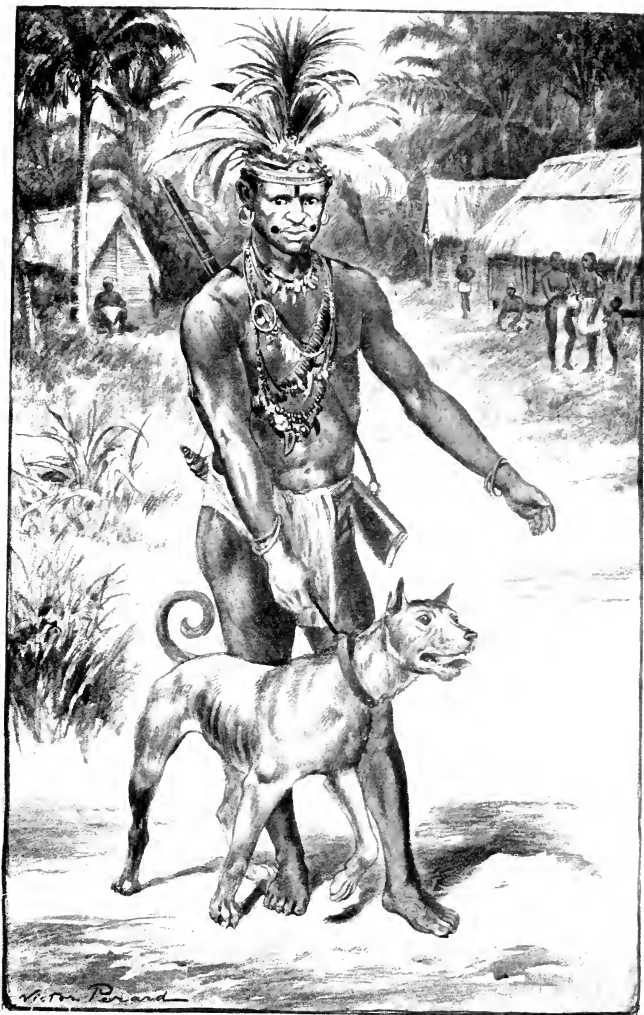
“Rogala,” said I, “I will be your friend. When we get into the forest, we will be like two men who are born the same day.” Among the Africans of the great forest, when two men are born the same day, they are foster brothers.

“Good indeed you are, Oguizi,” replied Rogala. “I will obey you in everything.”

Then I presented him with a big hunting-knife, which pleased him greatly.

The following day, while I was seated by Rotembo under the veranda of his house, I saw Rogala coming towards us. He had with him a very strange-looking dog.

Rotembo said to me: “Look at this dog. His name is Andekko. He is fearless and always in the thick of the fight. He is not afraid of any wild beast. In war he always warns us of an enemy hiding in the jungle. He is the best of hunting dogs. He goes into the forest all alone in search of game, and will drive the antelope or gazelle up to Rogala or the hunter he knows, even if it takes him the whole day to do so. He has captured several young nginas and nshiegos after their mothers were killed, and gone into the lair of leopards and killed their young. The wonder is that he has not been killed by a gorilla or leopard long before now or been gashed in



Rogala and Audekko.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

two by a boar or disabled by monkeys. Many times he will prevent you from being hungry while you are in the forest.”

I gazed at Andekko with wonder, he looked so very ugly. He was covered with scars, marks of the wounds he had received in his conflicts with wild animals. One of his ears was split in two. His upper and lower lips were also cut on the left side. These two wounds had been made by a large monkey, called a mandril, which often walks on the ground and had been surprised there by Andekko.

Rotembo, seeing that I was looking at the scars of Andekko, said: “Oguizi, when wounded, this dog becomes even fiercer and more courageous than before. He is famous for his courage.”

Andekko belonged to the same family of dogs as those that had gone gorilla-hunting with me at King Mombo's plantation. His hair was of yellowish color, and he had a white spot on his throat. His tail could not have been more curly, and he was quite lean; his legs were somewhat long.

Then Rotembo said: “Oguizi, Andekko is the second gift I promised you.”

The next day Rogala came again, but this time with a monkey called Ndova. He was a fine creature, with a nice coat of hair and a white nose. The chief, point-

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

ing to the monkey, said : “ His name is Ndova, and he has the intelligence of a man. He goes with Rogala into the forest. We have given him the name of Ndova because the species of monkeys to which he belongs is so called. You will not often be hungry in the forest when Ndova is with you, for he will call upon other ndovas to come to him while he stands close to you and Rogala, and when these come you will shoot them. You will have plenty of monkey meat to eat. When monkeys are fat,” he added, “they taste fine, especially if they are broiled on a bright charcoal fire. While living on my plantations, I often take Ndova with me. He can only call on his fellow ndovas, for the other species do not understand his talk.

“ There will be days,” added Rotembo, “when you will find no monkeys or other game and hunger will come upon you. Then Ndova must follow you. There are many kinds of fruits, berries, and nuts in the forest ; these look very tempting, but several of them are very poisonous, and people die if they eat them. So when you see any fruit, berries, or nuts you do not know, do not eat them until you give them to Ndova first. If he eats them, these are also good for you.”

Monkeys never make a mistake ; they have a gift

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

which no man possesses. By the sense of smell they can tell if a berry, nut, or fruit is poisonous. They always smell a thing they do not know before eating it, and when it is poisonous they throw it away. If it is not poisonous, they give it a bite. In that case what is good for the monkey is good for the man. But I must tell you that often the nuts, berries, or fruits a monkey likes men do not like, for monkeys and men have not always the same taste."

After hearing the words of Rotembo I looked with renewed curiosity at Ndova. He was almost as large as Andekko. His nose was white, which contrasted strongly with the color of his dark hair tipped with whitish gray. He had long canine teeth. I was glad to hear he was gentle, for I should not have liked to be bitten by him.

"Oguizi, I give you Ndova," Rotembo said. "He is the third gift I promised you. I think you will get on well in the forest with Rogala, Andekko, and Ndova. There are two other of my slaves who are also great hunters. Their names are Shinshooko and Alapai. These three men live close together in the forest and spend their lives in hunting; they have their families with them.

"I got Ndova in the following manner," he continued. "I and my slave Rogala were hunting

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

together near the plantation where you are going. We were lying in wait for boars, when finally we heard their grunts. We heard at the same time the chatter of monkeys above our heads. The boars came in sight and we fired. Then, to our astonishment, a little monkey fell from the tree above our heads. The firing of our guns had frightened his mother, who dropped him. He did not have the strength to hold on to the branches. I seized the little fellow and put him into my bag. The mother followed all the way back to the plantation, uttering cries of distress and anger. Sometimes she would come down to the ground, look at us, and go up into the trees again. She did not dare to approach too near us. After coming to the house we fed the little monkey with the milk of a goat and called him Ndova. His mother at the same time remained on a commanding tree close by, calling the little fellow. Soon she was joined by her mate, who added his calls to hers. They slept on a tree near the plantation that night, and we kept the baby in the house. At daylight the two big monkeys were still on the same tree, and uttered cries of anguish and distress, calling for the little fellow, but did not dare to come down.

“Three days passed and we thought little Ndova’s

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

mother had got tired and gone away for good into the forest, leaving her offspring to his fate, for we no longer heard her cries.

“We made a little bed of leaves and used to leave Ndova upon it in the sun. We had gone into our huts one afternoon. After a while I came out of the house and just in time. For Ndova’s mother had apparently been watching from a tree and seeing nobody had come down and had taken hold of Ndova and was carrying him away into the forest as fast as she could. I shouted with all my might, and Ndova lost his hold and dropped to the ground.

“We went into the forest and made a trap to catch the mother, and brought the little monkey and put him in the trap. We were then sure that she would come and see him and try to get him away. When everything was ready, we hid and waited. After a time we saw a monkey quietly coming down a tree. It was the mother; we recognized her by her white nose. She uttered a sound of joy as she approached Ndova. Then she got into the cage, and the trap-door closed behind her.

“When we came towards the cage, the big monkey was much frightened. We took the cage with us.

“The mother nursed the little one for over ten moons (months), and after that she stayed with him

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

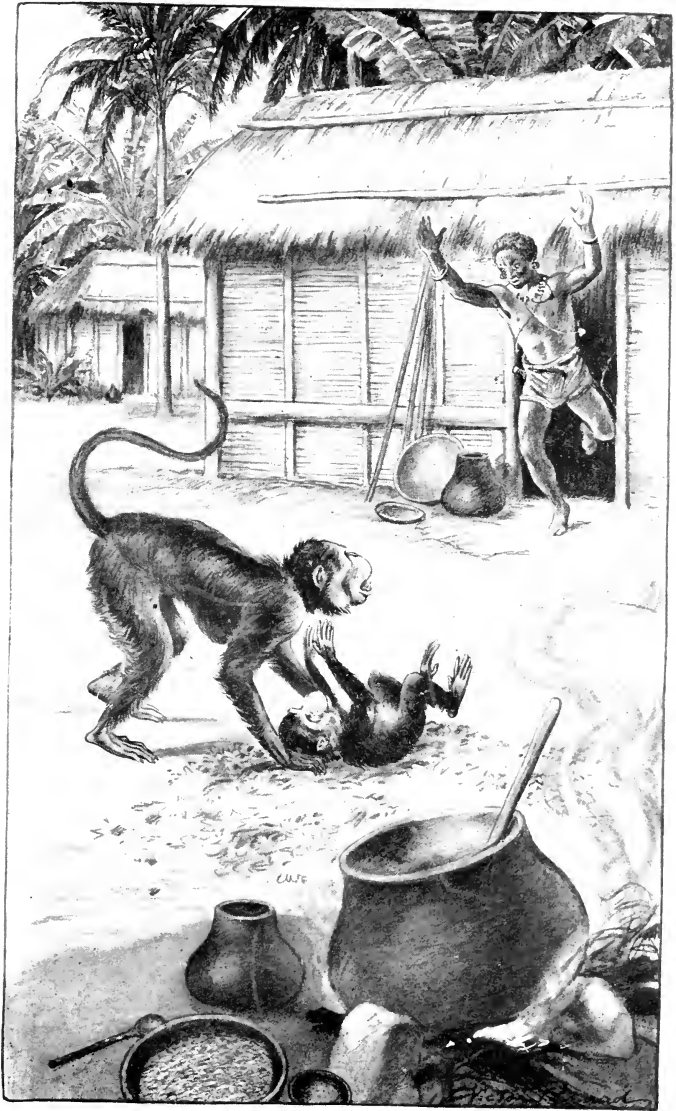
until she died. By that time Ndova could take care of himself, and had learned the language of the ndova monkeys from his mother.

“After the death of his mother, Rogala took Ndova, who had grown fond of him, into the forest every day, to find food for himself, leading him by a string. Often the monkeys of his kind would come around above his head and talk to him, and Ndova would answer them. After a time Rogala tied a long rope to Ndova, so that he might go higher up the trees after fruits. Then came the time when Ndova could talk very loud and call other ndovas to him, and Rogala found that Ndova had become very useful. Rogala, Ndova, and Andekko are now three inseparable friends. Ndova and Andekko are great chums, for they love to play together.”

I thanked Chief Rotembo for his valuable gifts, and said that they would be of great service to me, and promised that when ready to leave the country I would return Ndova and Andekko to him.

When Rogala heard these words, a broad grin of satisfaction overspread his face. He was the keeper of Andekko and Ndova, both of whom were his constant companions. He was afraid that Rotembo had given them to me for all time.

I gave a bone to Andekko, who was inclined to



Ndova's mother tries to carry him away into the forest.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

growl at me at first, and a ripe plantain to Ndova, who gave a peculiar "Oh oh" to show his joy. I found afterward that Ndova was very fond of ripe plantains and bananas.

"I will feed Ndova and Andekko often," said I to Rogala, "so that they may get accustomed to me."

I often think that if it had not been for Andekko and Ndova I should probably have died of starvation in the great forest.

A few days afterwards Rotembo came to me and said: "Oguizi, I want you to give me some of your hair. I shall consider this the greatest gift that I have ever received."

My hair had become very long and hung over my shoulders. I had let it grow, for it excited great wonder among the natives. It was very black and silky. So I pulled out half a dozen hairs and presented them to Rotembo. As soon as he received the gift, he muttered words I could not understand, then took his little idol from the bag that always hung by his side, and wound two of the hairs round and round its neck. The four others he carefully put aside in a little wooden box. After this he looked perfectly happy, and said to me, "Oguizi, the six long hairs you have given me are more

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

valuable in my eyes than many tusks of elephants, brass kettles, wives, or slaves.”

I often wished I had had flaxen hair and blue eyes instead of black hair and hazel eyes, for I should then have appeared still more wonderful in the eyes of these wild and savage men.

CHAPTER III

PREPARATIONS FOR DEPARTURE — OFF FOR FOREST AND JUNGLE — A HERD OF ELEPHANTS — WE CAMP FOR THE NIGHT — NDOVA CALLS MONKEYS OF HIS TRIBE WITHIN RANGE — WE KILL TWO OF THEM — FEEDING ON ROAST MONKEY — A DESERTED HOUSE — A STORY OF WITCHCRAFT

A SHORT time after I received these gifts from Rotembo, I made preparations to enter the great forest, to live with Rogala, Shinshooko, and Alapai, and Andekko the dog, and Ndova the monkey.

I put all my things together, — the precious tin box containing my sextant, etc., matches, and a bottle containing my quicksilver, a little iron pot, a frying-pan, a small coffee-pot, three pairs of laced boots, some fire steel with flints, files, two axes, one machete, and some medicines. I took also a shot-gun, my rifle "Bulldog," and a lighter rifle, powder, and ammunition.

When everything was ready, I called Rogala, and showing him the "precious box," I said to him: "Of all the things I possess, I think most of this box. You alone shall carry it on your back, and no one must ever open it, for if he does, great misfortune will happen to him."

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

At daylight the following morning we loaded our canoe with my outfit, Rogala carrying my "precious box." Rotembo and his people followed us to the shore, and when we were ready to start, in a loud voice Rotembo invoked the spirits of his ancestors, Kombe and others, to follow me. After we had left I saw him seated on the ground before his little idol, talking to it. The last words we heard from him were: "Rogala, take good care of the Oguizi. Good-bye, Oguizi;" and after passing a bend of the river we lost sight of the village.

The prow of our canoe was a carved crocodile head with an open mouth holding a man between its jaws.

Ndova and Andekko had been tied near it. Ndova uttered the peculiar intonation meaning pleasure. Andekko was wagging his tail and looking at Rogala. Both seemed to know that they were going home.

During the day we saw swimming in the stream a number of elephants. They were playing and throwing water high into the air with their trunks. They swam hither and thither, and as we came nearer we saw that each elephant had a little baby elephant apparently standing on the back of its mother. Rogala was in a state of great excitement; he wanted to land and walk along the banks of the river and have a shot at

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

the elephants. "No," said I, "each of these elephants has a little one to care for."

Further on we saw in the distance, near the other bank of the river, two canoes descending the stream. They were full of men in war-paint and armed with spears and war-axes. They were singing their war-songs and beating their tomtoms fiercely. Rogala's face became anxious. I asked who they were.

"I do not know, Oguizi," he replied.

Instantly we laid hands upon our guns ready to fight, but when we were near enough to hear the warriors' song of victory, Rogala recognized that they belonged to the clan of Rotembo. But we were paddling so near the banks of the river that they did not see us.

Towards evening Rogala, pointing to a spot near the river, said: "Oguizi, this is a place where I camp for the night when I am on the river. Close by is a beautiful little spring of clear water coming out of the earth, cool and delicious to drink. We never drink the water from running rivers when we can help it."

I answered: "All right, Rogala; we will camp where you say."

Accordingly we made camp here and passed the night. The following afternoon we entered a narrow river and left the large Ogobai. We had not been two

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

hours on our way up the river when Ndova began to utter loud and peculiar sounds.

“Ndova is calling the monkeys to come to him,” said Rogala. “If they come we shall have monkey meat for our evening meal.”

As he spoke, he grinned with delight; but there were no monkeys within the sound of Ndova’s voice.

After a while, however, the call of Ndova was answered by a troop of monkeys, and they seemed to have quite a conversation together, though the voices of the monkeys did not seem to come nearer.

“The monkeys are trying to make Ndova come to them,” Rogala said.

Then came a pause, and the forest became still again. But soon Rogala’s quick ears heard the noise made by the shaking of the branches of trees. The monkeys were travelling towards us, leaping from branch to branch, bending them by their weight as they alighted upon them.

Ndova was making an awful noise and was very excited. The monkeys answered him, and he kept on calling them. We were paddling silently along the banks of the river, and as soon as we saw the monkeys on a tree above our canoe we stopped. They were many in number, and looked at Ndova without uttering a sound, they seemed so astonished.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

We raised our guns and aimed at the two biggest white-nosed ones and fired. One fell into our canoe, the other dropped dead by the shore. The rest scuttled away in a trice.

“Good for you, Ndova,” I said to him.

Ndova was in a great state of excitement. Rogala, holding his cord, took him towards the two dead monkeys. When he came near them he uttered other sounds, quite unlike those he had made when he called the monkeys to us. What he meant neither Rogala nor I could tell. But I said to myself: “Rotembo is right. Ndova will be the cause of our having food and we shall feed often on monkey meat. We shall not starve as long as Ndova is with us. Great, indeed, is the gift of Chief Rotembo!”

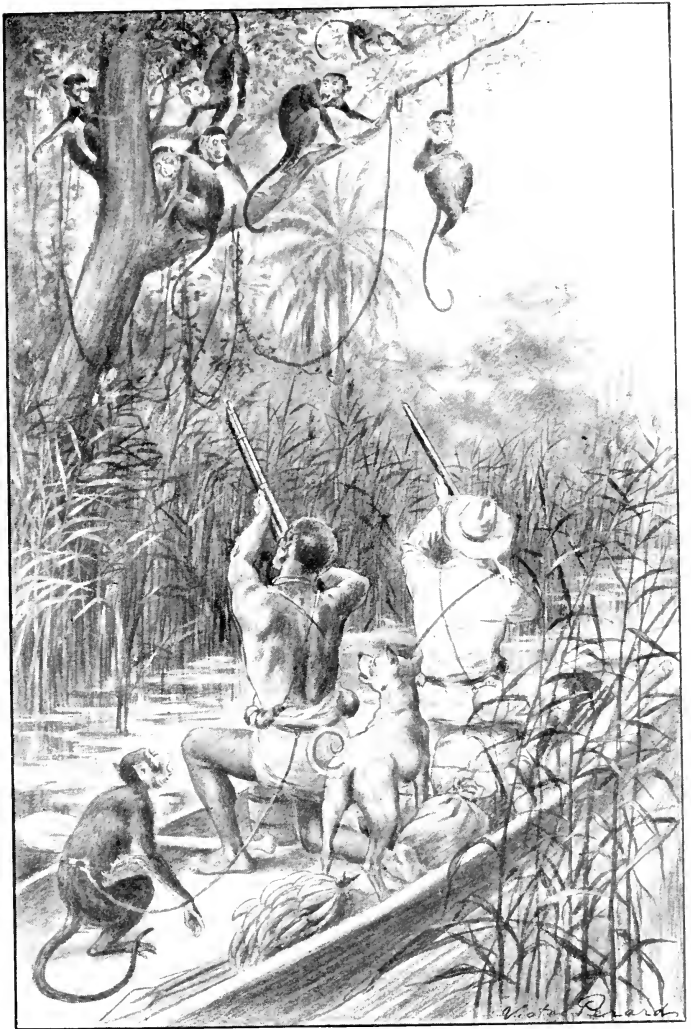
A few miles further on we landed. In a short time we were seated by a bright fire, and when it had been reduced to a great mass of charcoal we roasted one of the monkeys and with our roasted plantains made a delicious meal. Andekko fed on some of the bones, and Ndova on a ripe plantain.

At dawn of day we left our encampment. About two hours afterwards we came upon three little houses surrounded by plantain trees. The houses were in a dilapidated state and had been abandoned. The large bunches of plantain that were hanging from

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

the trees were untouched, for the elephants and the big apes, the "men of the woods," had not found the plantation.

Some time before we had reached the place Rogala's face had become uneasy. He took to the opposite bank of the river. I could see fear on his countenance. He paddled faster than ever, and his mind seemed quite relieved when we had left the spot far behind us. Then he stopped, tied the canoe to a tree to rest a while, and said: "Two dry seasons ago there lived on the plantation we have passed a man by the name of Igala. His wife was called Yienoo. Both were sorcerers, and had been so for a long time, though the people did not know it. Near them was a village. One day one of the men of the village was trampled to death by a bull elephant, and there was great sorrow among the people. The day after a leopard came into the village at night and carried away a woman. The people began to think it was strange that those two deaths should occur one immediately after the other, and they became much alarmed, and believed that witchcraft was the cause of the trouble, but no one suspected who the sorcerers were. Some time afterwards a man disappeared and never came back. After this the people were so much excited that they sent a messenger to a



“We raised our guns and aimed at the two biggest white-nosed ones and fired.”

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

celebrated 'medicine man' who was known all over the country for his skill in discovering sorcerers. They promised to pay him two slaves if he would come. The name of this great 'ooganga,' or medicine man, was Makoonga; he is living now. He sent word by the messenger that he would come after his return from another village where he was going to find out who had killed by witchcraft the brother of the chief.

"There was great joy in the village when the messenger brought back word that Makoonga was coming. Three days after the return of the messenger another man disappeared, and remains of his body were discovered, showing that he had been devoured by a leopard. Then all the people said that some one among them had changed his shape and turned into a leopard, that he had eaten up the three persons who had disappeared, and had also taken the shape of an elephant and trodden upon the man who had been killed in that way.

"There was no more sleep in the village. The people danced all night, and called upon the spirits of their ancestors to protect them from witchcraft. They made invocation to their idol and to the spirits Mburu and Abambo.

"Then Makoonga came, and the following day the

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

people met, and he drank the 'mboundou' before them, and after drinking it he became possessed of the power of divination, and told them that Igala and Yienoo through witchcraft had taken the shape of leopards and eaten up the three people, and that Igala had taken the shape of an elephant and trampled the man.

“There was a great uproar amongst the people when they heard this. They went to the home of Igala and Yienoo and brought them to the village. They had to drink the 'mboundou' to prove their innocence in the presence of all the people. Makoonga made the potation, drank part of it first, and then handed the bowl to Igala and Yienoo. They had hardly tasted it when they fell on the ground. That was the proof that they were guilty, and the people surrounded them and cut their bodies into a hundred pieces and then threw them into the river. Oh, Oguizi,” exclaimed Rogala, in concluding his story, “often witchcraft comes into people without their wishing it and against their will.”

After this narrative he untied our canoe and we continued our ascent of the river. After a long pull he suddenly headed our canoe towards the shore, and after passing under the branches of trees that almost touched the water we came to a path which no one

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

coming up or down the river could detect. This path led to Rogala's place. Ndova uttered grunt-like sounds of satisfaction; Andekko barked to show his joy. They knew they had come home; they were well acquainted with this spot.

CHAPTER IV

THE HOME OF ROGALA — HIS HUNTING-TROPHIES — A WEIRD SPOT — ASPECT OF THE SURROUNDING FOREST — SHINSHOOKO AND ALAPAI — LEOPARDS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD

AFTER a few minutes' walk we came to a grove of plantain trees, and there saw the home of Rogala, which was composed of four small structures. The dwelling-house had a veranda in front. It was built of bark with a roof thatched with palm leaves, and was about eighteen feet long and twelve wide. It had only one door.

Under the veranda hung the tails of nearly all the elephants he had killed. I counted ninety-five of them. Some of the tails he had got went to Chief Rotembo. All along the roof were skulls of antelopes with the graceful spiral horns, two skulls of male gorillas, several skulls of nshiegos or chimpanzees, of wild boars, of buffaloes, of leopards and other wild animals.

Four elephant skulls stood at each corner of the house. These elephants had been killed near the plantations. Rogala was the greatest elephant hunter of his day.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

One building was composed of a single roof merely, under which cooking was done. Here also people were received, and the space it covered was the dining-room.

A small house near by was for Mburu, a spirit, who sometimes came to rest there during the night. His bed lay on the ground, and was composed of dry leaves covered with a mat. His pillow was a smooth round piece of wood. In the fourth small house was the idol. There were also a chicken-coop and a goat-house.

“We have chosen this spot,” said Rogala, “because at a certain time of the year the country is full of elephants. They come to eat the leaves of a tree that is more plentiful around here than in other parts of the forest.”

A little further on I saw several other small houses; those belonged to Shinshooko and Alapai.

The place was entirely deserted, for all the people had gone into the forest, — the men to cut trees for new plantations, and the women to attend to the crops that had been planted and bring back bunches of plantain or cassava roots.

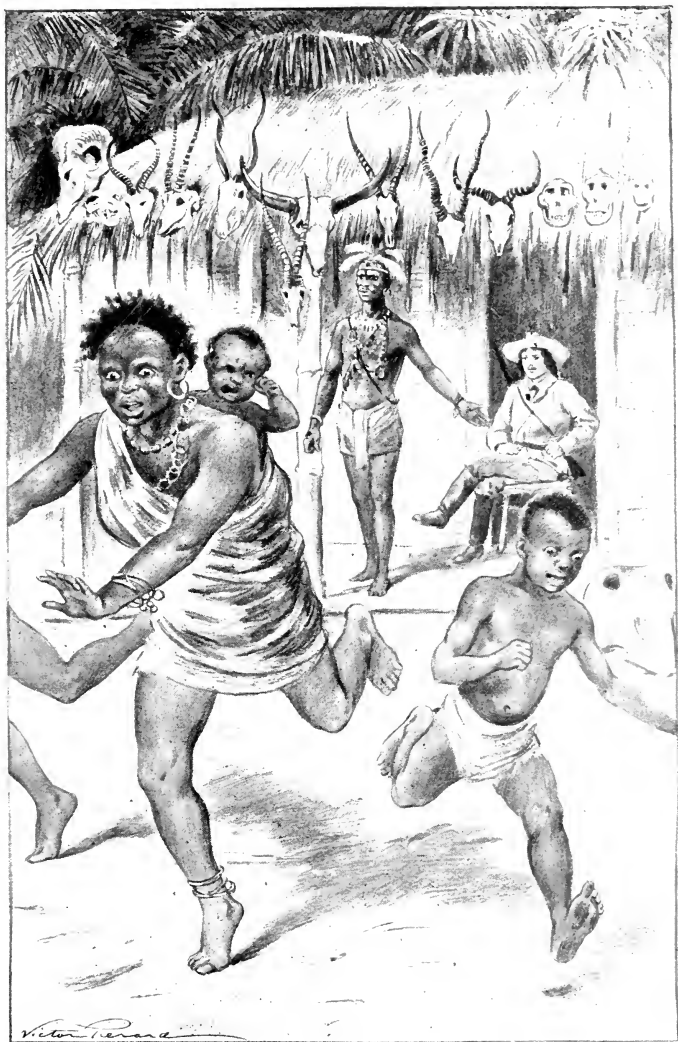
What a weird spot the hunters had chosen for their home! The little houses of bark looked small indeed compared with the tall trees that surrounded them.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

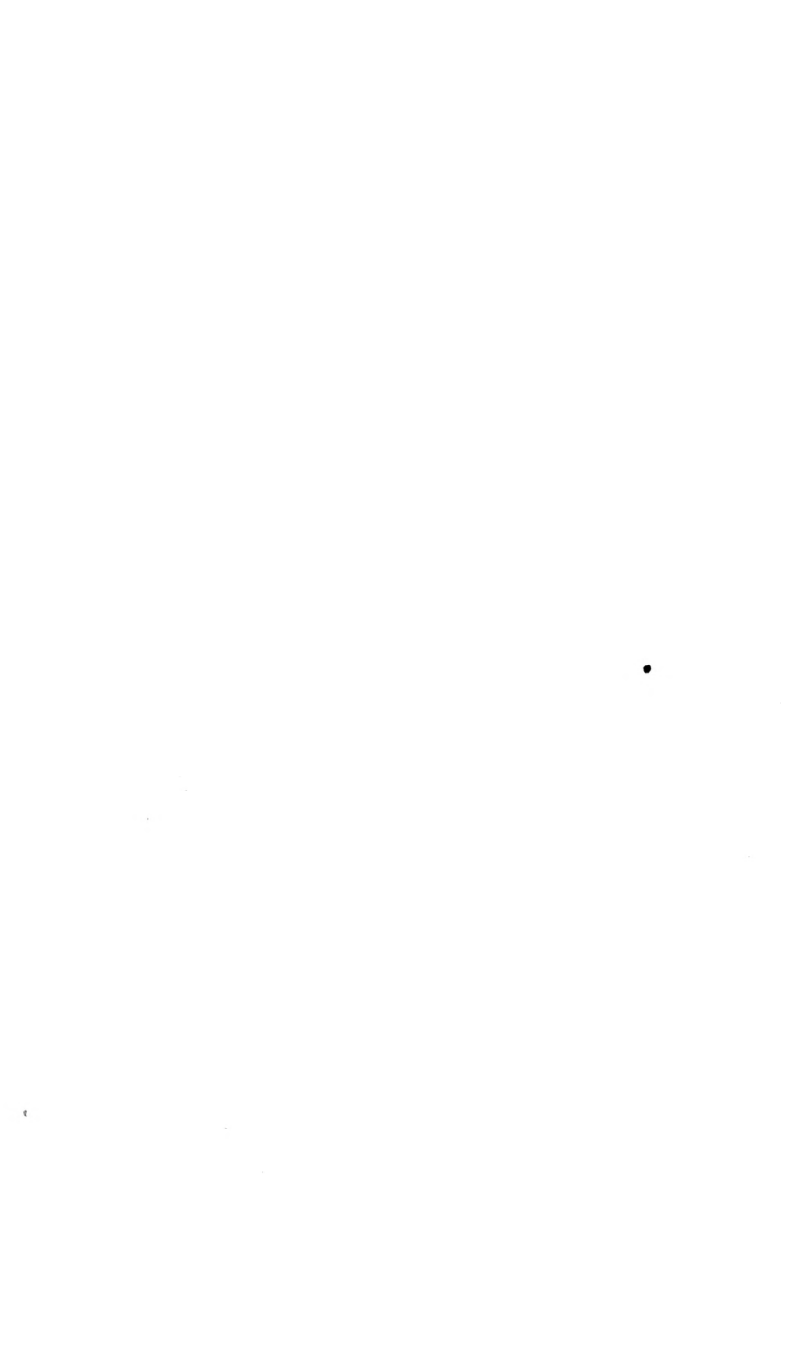
The plantain trees and the cassava grew in the midst of branches of the trees that had been felled and burned afterwards. Not far off was the river, flowing in the midst of the dark silent forest, which was only disturbed now and then by the shrill cries of parrots, or the chatter of a troop of monkeys or the tap of the woodpecker. In the forest surrounding the houses hung huge lianas which looked like gigantic swinging snakes. Some of the trees had gorgeous flowers, and orchids grew on the bark of many. The foliage was greatly diversified.

On the border of the clearing stood a gigantic elimi tree; along its trunk came out a soft sticky whitish gum, which the people use to make torches with. The forest seemed to be made of three or four layers of trees growing on the top of each other, while here and there, towering above all, rose an immense one that seemed to look down on the great forest from its own lofty height. Under all the trees was the thick jungle, in which roamed wild and often ferocious beasts.

Rogala brought a stool and invited me to a seat under the veranda of his house. Towards sunset Rogala's wife returned with three boys, their children. She carried an infant in a sling on her back. She looked at me in fear and trembling, and she and the



"She looked at me in fear and trembling, and she and the children ran to hide."



IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

children ran to hide. This annoyed Rogala very much, and he called her back in an angry tone. Then he became milder, and told her and the children not to be afraid of his friend the Oguizi.

Soon after two men and their wives, loaded with two large bunches of plantain, and their children made their appearance. These men were Shinshooko and Alapai.

Rogala bade them approach. Shinshooko was over six feet two in height, very thin, and brown in color. He came from a country called Ashango. Alapai was short, thickset, and very black. He came from a tribe called Apono. These two tribes had the same language. Shinshooko and Alapai looked at me constantly, but avoided the glance of my eyes, of which they were afraid. But Rogala allayed their fears by telling them that I was a good Oguizi and a great friend of their master Rotembo, who sent word by him that they must go and hunt with me in the forest.

The three then went away to our canoe and brought back my things with them. Shinshooko and Alapai were eager to hear what had occurred since Rogala had left them, and how it happened that I came with him.

Rogala told all that had taken place, how his master

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

Rotembo had given him to me, that I was a great hunter, and that I came to hunt with them.

Shinshooko and Alapai and their families listened in profound silence to the wonderful story of Rogala, and when he had finished it was the turn of Shinshooko and Alapai to tell what had happened during the absence of Rogala. Shinshooko was the speaker, and began thus: "Leopards have made their appearance in the neighborhood since you left, Rogala. What has brought the leopards so suddenly into our neighborhood we cannot tell, but it must be that the bashikouay ants have invaded and scoured a great part of the forest and driven them away, and they have fled towards us. We have seen many tracks of their big paws. We must look out for these leopards and make traps and catch them and hunt them. Fortunately our goat-house is so strong and so secure that leopards cannot break through. But we must do all we can to kill them, for fear that some one of them might be a man-eater and devour some of us or some of our children."

That night numerous fires were lighted to scare away the leopards. I went into my little hut, but kept awake with "Bulldog" by my side, for I thought a leopard might easily come through the thin roof of palm leaves over my head. We all hoped that there

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

was no man-eater among the leopards, for if there were we were sure that he would lie in wait for some one. When once they have tasted human flesh, they like it better than anything else. But no leopard paid us a visit during the night.

CHAPTER V

WE BUILD A LEOPARD TRAP — A NIGHT ON THE WATCH — THE BEAST APPEARS AT LAST — CAUGHT IN THE TRAP AND SOON DESPATCHED — HER MATE KILLED THE FOLLOWING NIGHT — EXCITEMENT OF ANDEKKO AND NDOVA

EARLY the next morning the men went into the forest to cut poles, and after we had a sufficient number we built a trap to catch the leopard.

We constructed the trap in the following manner according to the plan of Shinshooko, who had the reputation of great skill and ingenuity in making all sorts of traps.

We built with the poles a long narrow funnel-like alley, which became gradually smaller and smaller towards the end, so that it was impossible for the leopard to go entirely through. At the entrance Shinshooko constructed a trap-door which was to fall after the leopard was fairly in. The end of this funnel-like structure communicated with the goat-house, which we surrounded with a double row of poles, so that the leopard could not get through. The roof was made entirely of poles strongly fastened together. The structure was about twenty feet long.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

I said to Rogala, Shinshooko, and Alapai: "Tonight I shall not sleep, but will watch for leopards near the goat-house. Perhaps some of them will come when they scent the goats; so do not be afraid if you hear the detonation of a gun. I want all the dogs to be shut up indoors."

When evening came, I took a nap, for I knew that it was the habit of the leopards not to prowl before midnight, unless famished.

Towards eleven o'clock I awoke, and then made ready for the leopards. I took up a position opposite the goat-house under the veranda of a little house, where I was partly hidden from view. I surrounded myself with branches of trees I had gathered during the day. There I waited.

The moon, that was on the wane, rose and threw a dim light all around. It was an ideal night for lying in wait for a leopard.

One o'clock came and no leopard had made his appearance. Time went on slowly. Two o'clock, no leopard. I began to think that they would not call, when suddenly the goats began to bleat. They had scented the approach of a beast of prey and become terrified. Suddenly I saw from behind one of the houses and among three or four plantain trees something moving. It was the leopard. He was coming.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

His eyes shone as if they were burning coals. Then slowly he advanced towards the trap. I did not wonder that Rogala had admonished me to make no noise. The leopard was slowly crawling near, his belly almost touching the ground.

I watched him carefully to see what he was going to do. His long tail beat his flanks. He sniffed at the goat, and finding that he could not reach the frightened creature, he went round the trap. I watched with breathless attention.

Then he came to the opening, and entered. Soon after I heard the trap-door close behind him. That did not disturb him, for all he thought of was the goat. He went on until he got so jammed in that he could not advance further. Then he became excited as he tried to extricate himself, and roared with anger. He could not turn back, and I fired and killed him.

In an instant Rogala, Shinshooko, and Alapai were out of their cabins, guns in hand, running towards the goat-house. We lighted torches to frighten other leopards, and came out with them. The men gave a terrific war-cry, and shouted: "Leopard, you will not eat more of our goats!" In a short time everybody was around the leopard, looking at him.

I opened his mouth and looked at his terrible-looking canines. "These four canines," I said, "I



"The leopard was slowly crawling near."

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

will send to Rotembo. I hope we shall kill leopards enough to have canines for a big necklace for him."

"Yes," they all shouted, "let us kill all the leopards in the country."

Then all the people danced around the leopard, singing at the same time: "You wicked leopard, your days are over, you will not make any one now fear you. The antelopes and gazelles of the forest would be glad if they knew that you have been killed by the great Oguizi."

The dance lasted until daylight, when we skinned the beast. "Let us make a belt of his skin for Chief Rotembo," I said; and we accordingly did so. The tail I gave to Rogala. We divided the liver into several parts.

Later in the day Rogala, Shinshooko, and I went into the forest with Andekko in search of the lair of the leopard, which was a female, hoping to take the young ones. But we were not successful, and were obliged finally to return without accomplishing our object.

"When night comes," I said to my hunters, "I will lie in wait for the male leopard; perhaps he will come here in search of his mate."

To this the man replied: "Yes, a male leopard is

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

more likely to come and seek for his mate than a female is."

That night as I was watching I suddenly saw a dark spot moving not far from where I stood. Suddenly I saw the eyes of a leopard looking like burning coals. He had come to look for his mate. But he had not advanced far towards the houses when I fired and killed him.

Andekko, who had been fastened inside Rogala's house, was let loose and came bounding towards us. He had heard the sound of the gun, and knew that something was up. At the sight of the dead leopard his hair stood straight up, and then before we knew it he was on the body of the beast with his teeth fastened in its throat.

In the morning I said to Rogala, "Bring Ndova to look at the leopard." He went after the monkey and soon came back with Ndova in his arms. At the sight of the leopard Ndova sprang from Rogala's arms, and in an instant was up a young tree, the hair all over his body standing upright. He glared at the dead leopard, uttering at the same time sounds of rage. We could not make him come down from the tree until we had taken away the leopard from the place. Then he descended and hid away in the house of Rogala.

CHAPTER VI

MY HUNTERS AND I BECOME GREAT FRIENDS — ANDEKKO AND NDOVA GROW FOND OF ME — WE TAKE NDOVA INTO THE FOREST — HE CALLS MONKEYS TO US AGAIN — ANDEKKO'S PROWESS AS A HUNTER — A FEMALE GORILLA AND HER BABY — WE KILL THE MAMMA AND ANDEKKO KILLS THE BABY

AFTER a few days of constant companionship with Rogala, Shinshooko, and Alapai, their fears of me had been allayed and we had become great friends.

The women had also become accustomed to me and had grown to like me, for I had given them beads, looking-glasses, and some other trinkets. They also showed much pleasure when they brought to my feet bunches of plantain, peanuts, or other food. They would fish in the river, and all the fish they caught they would bring to me, so that I might choose what I wanted. The children would snare birds and bring them to me. They were always delighted to follow me when I went out to shoot birds.

Andekko and Ndova, who were always fed by me, had also become accustomed to the color of my face

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

and my long hair; they knew I was their friend, for when they were hungry I gave them food.

Ndova from his perch always watched for my return, and when he saw me he uttered peculiar sounds of joy, which were always the same, so that when he uttered them I always knew that he was glad. He knew that I generally brought to him nuts, berries, or fruits which he liked. When I was eating with Rogala, Shinshooko, and Alapai, Andekko was always by me, for he had learned that he fared much better by my side, as I had directed them not to feed him.

One day I said to Rogala: "Meat is getting scarce. Let us take Ndova with us into the forest to-morrow morning; perhaps he will succeed, if we meet monkeys belonging to his species, in making them come to him. Then, if we kill two or three, we shall have monkey meat to eat."

The following morning Rogala, with Ndova tied by a rope, and I set out for the forest. Once in a while Ndova would call for his friends, the monkeys of his species; but there came no answer to his call,—there were no ndovas in that part of the forest.

We kept on further and further; but though Ndova called for those of his species, there came no answer back, and finally we deemed it time to return home, as otherwise we should have to sleep in the forest.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

On our way back Ndova began to chatter in his own language. What he meant we of course could not tell at first, but soon we found out that through some peculiar gifts only belonging to monkeys, perhaps with his keen sense of smell, he knew that there were monkeys of his own tribe near. His voice or utterances were answered by other sounds made by a troop of monkeys which Rogala and I knew to be ndovas, and before we realized their presence, they were all upon a tree above our heads. Ndova became dreadfully excited. I took aim at the biggest monkey, fired, and he fell on the ground with a great crash. The others gave a cry of alarm, and in less than twenty seconds were out of sight.

The next day I said to Rogala: "Let us go into the forest with Andekko. I want to see how he hunts, and if he drives the game within gunshot of the place where we are waiting for it."

"He will surely do that," replied Rogala.

The next morning, at dawn of day, we started for the forest, Andekko ahead of us. Suddenly he disappeared. Once in a while Rogala shouted to let the dog know where we stood. Then we waited and waited, Rogala now and then calling Andekko at the top of his voice. After a few hours we heard the barking of Andekko. The barking became louder, and

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

Rogala said : “ Oguizi, let us make ready, for Andekko is probably driving an antelope towards us.”

In another instant a large antelope with long spiral horns passed near us, but not near enough for us to fire. Then the barking of Andekko died away in the distance, and Rogala said : “ We must not go away. I think Andekko will bring back the antelope towards us.” He was not mistaken. A short time afterwards we heard Andekko again in the distance ; the barking became louder and louder, and at last seemed very near. An antelope came bounding by us. We fired and brought him down.

We returned home with our spoil, and the following afternoon I said to Rogala : “ Where is Andekko ? I have not seen him to-day. Has he perhaps been devoured by a prowling leopard ? ”

Rogala smiled at my question, and replied : “ Andekko is a wide-awake dog, and seeing that we did not go into the forest with him, he has gone to hunt by himself, and I should not wonder if we heard his barking soon, telling us that he is pursuing game towards our little settlement and warning us to be ready for it.”

Rogala was right ; a short time afterwards we heard the barking of Andekko. He was running after some animal and giving us warning. But the barking soon became fainter, then could not be heard at all.



"We fired and brought him down."

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

I said to Rogala, "The animal has escaped from Andekko."

"It is perhaps so," he replied; "but the dog will not give up the chase so easily."

A little while after we heard Andekko again far away; then the barking gradually became louder. We got ready with our guns. I had my smooth-bore loaded with buckshot. Soon after a gazelle passed by us, closely pursued by Andekko. We fired and killed the beautiful creature. We had great trouble in preventing Andekko from tearing the animal in pieces until I cut off the foreleg and threw it to him, exclaiming: "Great indeed is the gift of Chief Rotembo to me. We shall not starve while Andekko is with us."

The following day we went again with Andekko into the forest. This time Shinshooko, Alapai, and Rogala were all with me. They had seen footmarks of a gorilla and of her baby. So we took a net with us to throw over the little one and capture him in case we succeeded in killing the mother.

After a tramp of three hours we heard the fierce barking of Andekko on the right of the path, not very far from us. There followed loud, short yells of an ngina. We immediately left the path and entered the forest, being guided by the barking of Andekko and the yells of the ngina. We soon found ourselves in

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

the presence of a mamma ngina on a tree, with a tiny baby holding to her and uttering sounds of fright. Andekko was in a perfect rage; his hair stood up, bristling like the quills of a porcupine.

Rogala, Shinshooko, and Alapai were by my side. The ngina was looking fiercely at us. Her big black face, wrinkled all over, was savagely wicked. The little fellow was hiding his face against her breast. She uttered sharp, piercing yells of anger, then a shout of "Whoa, whoa." I aimed at her, and fired. She dropped, but held on for an instant to the branch upon which she was seated with a firm hand, while the little one clung fast to her shoulders. Then she let go and fell down some twenty feet to the ground with a great crash. She was dead, and before we had time to rescue the little ngina, Andekko had strangled him, to my infinite sorrow.

Rogala and Shinshooko said: "We must look out for her mate; the big 'man ngina' may come upon us in a moment. Perhaps he is already coming silently to her rescue."

We were glad we had Andekko with us, for we were sure to be warned by him of the approach of the big beast. We cut off the heads of the ngina and of the little one as trophies, and then retraced our steps towards Rogala's and Shinshooko's home.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

On our way back we heard, several miles away, the mighty voice of the male ngina calling upon his mate to let her know where he was; but no answer came back to him, and I found myself wondering what his feelings would be when he came to where she had been killed. We would have gone after him, but it was too late in the day.

There was great excitement on our return. The following day Rogala warned me to take no other gun but "Bulldog" if I went into the forest, saying: "The 'man ngina' is probably around looking for the slayer of his wife." How I wished I could have been present when the big beast came before the dead body of his mate and saw her and her baby ngina headless! How he must have yelled and roared! How fiercely he would have come to the attack if some one had been near! How I wished I could face him with "Bulldog" in my hand! We expected to hear his roar that day, then go after him; but the forest was silent. He had gone wandering in search of another mate.

The next day we heard Andekko barking in the forest not very far off. He seemed to bark at the same spot all the time, and Rogala said: "Let us go where he is and find out what is the matter."

So we went towards the spot where he was bark-

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

ing, and at last came to it. No wonder he remained in the same place. He was barking at a porcupine, that had rolled himself into a ball and had all his quills standing erect.

Andekko was in a perfect rage, his hair was erect on his back, but I knew that it was impossible for him to bite the porcupine, and he feared his terrible quills. He would not leave the porcupine until we called him away, and the porcupine as long as Andekko was near him kept his quills erect.

Andekko disappeared again the following morning. In the evening he returned with a scar on his back and with a bloody muzzle. He had had an encounter with some wild animal. Evidently some sharp teeth had bitten him. But in the end he had had the best of the conflict, as his muzzle testified; it was clear he had fed on his victim.

Rogala put some balsam on his wounds. The dog was manifestly very tired, for in a short time he was stretched full length near the fire, and after a while he was dreaming. His legs moved as if he were running, and he barked softly. The following morning Andekko was nowhere to be seen. The punishment he had received the day before had not scared him in the least. He had gone hunting again.

CHAPTER VII

FIGHT BETWEEN MONKEY TRIBES, NKAGOS AND MONDIS
— MY GUN PUTS BOTH SIDES TO FLIGHT — A VISIT
FROM THE BASHIKOUAY ANTS — EVERYTHING FLIES
BEFORE THEM — WE DRIVE THEM OFF WITH FIRE-
BRANDS AND BOILING WATER

I LOVED to walk by myself in the great forest, taking my smooth-bore gun for birds, with which I always took a few bullets in case I should meet some large animals.

One day as I walked along looking at the butterflies that were very plentiful on both sides of the path, I thought I heard, at some distance, a noise among the trees ahead as if monkeys were feeding. Cautiously I went in the direction of the noise. I had to leave the path and go through the jungle. I had to walk slowly, with my body bent, in order to be hidden from the monkeys and not to frighten them.

When I got near the trees, I found that they were nkagos feeding and uttering grunts of satisfaction, so pleased were they. I could recognize the leader of the troop on the lookout. Suddenly he gave a peculiar cry or sound. The nkagos became very much

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

excited. Their hair became erect on their backs; the sounds or words they uttered were quick and showed anger. They seemed as if getting ready for a fight.

What was the cause of this sudden change in their conduct? I asked myself. I was soon to know. I heard in the distance a noise as if a troop of monkeys were coming in our direction, the noise made by the bending of the branches as the monkeys leaped from one to another. It became louder and louder.

Soon this noise was responded to by the loud cries of the troop of nkagos near me. The monkeys that were approaching answered them, and I recognized their cries to be those of the mondís. They knew the tree and had come to feed upon its fruits. They were too late. The best had been eaten by the nkagos, who also knew the time when the fruits were to be ripe and had come ahead of the mondís.

The mondís were furious, and advanced boldly towards the tree, led by their old and trusted chiefs. The nkagos had made up their minds to fight and finish the repast they had begun. They had not yet filled their pouches. The mondís jumped on the tree, and a fight ensued among all the monkeys. There were terrible shrieks and some pretty hard bitings. The nkagos were getting the worst of the fight, when I raised my gun, aiming at a mondi that

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

had just finished a fight with a nkago. Bang went my gun. There were general cries of fright among the mondís and the nkagos, and both sides fled with the greatest precipitation, each troop, however, going in a different direction.

In the meantime the mondi I had fired at had fallen to the ground with a great crash, dead. It was a very fine big one, covered with long black glossy hair as it was. I thought I would remain hidden and see if the monkeys would come back.

After about two hours I heard a noise through the branches. I looked up and saw a solitary mondi. He uttered a cry of distress, calling upon his mate that had been killed.

Spying her dead body lying on the ground, he came to her, and uttered low mutterings of distress as he saw that she was dead. I shouted, and he fled. I carried the dead mondi to our camp, and as it weighed I judged about forty pounds, I was glad when I arrived and laid it on the ground.

Several days after this, being in the forest but not far away from the camp, I saw a leopard running quickly in front of me with one of her cubs in her mouth. I wondered at this, for it was so unusual to see a leopard out of her lair in the daytime. She was evidently taking her cubs away for some reason.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

I had not walked a hundred feet further when I saw the leopard's mate running in front of me with a cub in his mouth also.

I wondered again why the leopards were moving away from their lair. I soon found out. Other animals, and even snakes, were all fleeing in the same direction as the leopards. This, and the flight of insects themselves, told me that an army of bashikouay ants was advancing, attacking every living thing before them. I ran towards the plantation as fast as I could.

Soon Andekko, who had gone into the forest by himself, made his appearance. He was perfectly wild. The poor dog was crying, moaning, and rolling himself on the ground to scratch his body, on which were numbers of the ants biting him. During the night we were awakened by the bites of the advance guard of the bashikouays. They were in our houses. There was a great commotion among the mice, rats, and cockroaches. They were surrounded by the bashikouays. Wherever they fled, there were the bashikouays to attack them. The scorpions, centipedes, and spiders could not help themselves, and were eaten up in a short time.

Meanwhile all the inhabitants of the plantation were up and out of their houses, the babies in the



*“Boiling water and hot ashes were thrown upon the ants
and we put brands across their path.”*

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

arms of their mothers. Numerous fires were lighted everywhere. Boiling water and hot ashes were thrown upon the ants and we put brands across their paths.

It took us the rest of the night to drive them away and disorganize them. We had killed hundreds of thousands of them. The men could not find words bad enough for the bashikouays. "Oh," said Shinshooko, "these horrid bashikouays will drive all the game away, and it will be a long time before it will return."

CHAPTER VIII

ROGALA'S WIFE'S PARROT — I USE IT AS A DECOY —
PARROTS PROVE TOUGH EATING — THE NGOZOS
GROW WARY — SHINSHOOKO DISCOVERS ELEPHANTS
IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD — WE GO AFTER THEM
AND KILL TWO.

ROGALA'S wife had a beautiful gray parrot with a bright red tail. The parrot could talk well and say many things. Every morning he would perch on a tree and call upon the flocks of parrots that were flying in every direction in search of food. Once in a while a flock of these parrots, attracted by his cries or rather speech to them, would come and alight close by, and they would hold a conversation together for quite a while. Poor Ngozo — such was his name — seemed then to regret much that his wings were clipped, for he wanted to go and fly with his wild comrades. One day I said to myself: "Andekko drives game to me; Ndova brings monkeys and finds fruits. Suppose I use Ngozo as a decoy. Old parrots are about as tough birds as one can taste, but young ones taste like pigeons."

So one morning I lay under a tree waiting for parrots to come. A few flocks passed over us, utter-

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

ing peculiar sounds. What these meant I could not tell, but they were afraid to alight. Evidently they did not like the look of the house.

At some distance from Rogala's house near a grove of plantain trees was a tree bearing a red fruit which I knew parrots liked very much. I told Rogala to carry his wife's parrot under that tree and I would lie in wait there. So Ngozo was taken there by his master, and he began to talk.

Soon I heard above our heads a flock of parrots. They came down upon our tree and began to talk to our parrot and feed. When I saw three or four in such a position as to enable me to kill them all, I fired, and they fell, and the others, shrieking with all their might, flew away in affright.

I went after the parrots, which had deep yellow rings round their eyes. I saw that they were very old, but nevertheless I was glad, for I would have some meat to eat. I broiled one on charcoal. When he was cooked, he was so tough that I thought he must be over one hundred years old. It seemed as if I were biting an old piece of India rubber or a piece of leather.

In the evening, thinking that the others were as tough as their companions, I boiled them, and I thought that I was going to have a good parrot soup. The soup

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

was not bad, but the parrots were so tough that I gave up trying to eat them.

The following morning we again put the parrot under the tree, and a flock alighted in the same way, and I succeeded in killing two of them.

In the afternoon another flock alighted also, and I killed two more. But after this no parrots came near us, though a number of flocks flew over our tree and Ngozo called to them.

All the flocks of parrots meet every evening, and the flocks that had been fired at had warned their fellow ngozos of their danger and to take good care not to alight on that tree.

After this the flocks of parrots, as they passed above or near us, took care to fly high, uttering shrill cries of anger.

One day while I was stuffing some birds I had killed in the morning, and Rogala was looking at the work I was doing with great astonishment, Shinshooko made his appearance. He was out of breath, for he had been running fast. As he saw us, he shouted: "Jockoo! Jockoo! Elephants! Elephants!"

"Where are they?" Rogala and I inquired at the same time.

"Not far from here," he said, speaking with difficulty, for he was much out of breath.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

We took our guns, I taking "Bulldog" with me. We had hardly walked an hour in the path, when we came upon numerous elephant tracks.

"They have gone towards the river," whispered Shinshooko, as he looked in the direction in which their footprints pointed.

When we came to the river, we saw the canoe with several paddles. It did not take us long to embark, and we paddled so noiselessly down the stream that our paddles could not be heard as they struck the water. Before coming to a bend which commanded the view of the river for a long distance, we landed to search further down. Shinshooko went to the extreme end of the point, where a better view could be obtained. In a short time he returned. I could see by his face that he had good news to tell us. He had seen the elephants.

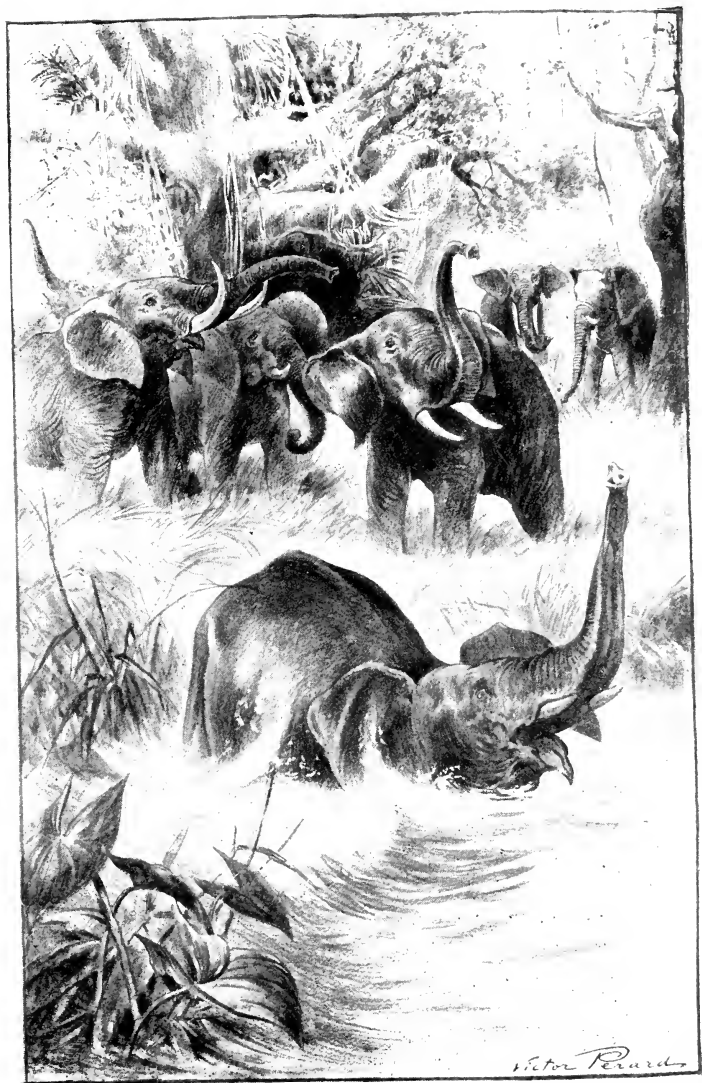
We followed the left bank of the river, and came to a place where we saw a herd of elephants standing close together. Foremost was a large bull elephant, their leader. I counted twenty-seven elephants. Their big ears were moving continually, and their trunks were swinging up and down. They were trumpeting and squealing. Some were very large. The bull seemed to be about ten and a half feet in height, some of the cows nine and a half feet.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

Suddenly the bull made for the river. The others followed, and soon they had a grand time together in the water.

After watching them awhile, Rogala and Shinshooko whispered: "Oguizi, we must follow the river through the woods and get opposite the elephants. We walked through the jungle most carefully in order not to attract their attention. Fortunately they were having such a noisy time that they could not hear us. Nor could they scent us, as the wind was in our favor. When we surmised from the noise they made in the water that we were opposite them, we made for the banks of the river. Finally we got a glimpse of the elephants and crept to the water edge. The bank of the river here was high and abrupt, so the elephants could not charge us. I was very glad of this, for I never felt comfortable when the huge beast was bearing down upon me. It had been agreed beforehand that each one of us should pick out an elephant and that we should fire at the same time.

The elephants, unaware of our presence, were swimming without any suspicion of danger. All at once the huge bull turned and swam towards us. There was no way to kill him but by a forehead shot, that is, shooting him between the eyes. The steel-pointed bullets of "Bulldog" could do the work well. A



“ Suddenly the bull made for the river.”

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

number of cow elephants turned also towards us. I pointed out to Rogala and Shinshooko two of them that could be shot near the temple or behind the ears, and made them a sign that I was going to take a shot at the bull.

We raised our guns. I looked at Rogala and Shinshooko. They were looking at me also. We took careful aim and I gave three clicks; the third one was the signal to fire. Bang, bang, bang, went our guns at the same time. I thought the guns of my men had burst, so loud was the detonation. I saw only a dense smoke, which hid them for a while from me.

Looking at the water, I saw the bull elephant raise and lower his trunk twice; then he swam towards our bank, which was so steep that he could not land. He was evidently badly wounded. Suddenly the water around him became a mass of foam. He was in his last struggle. The current took him down stream. The two cow elephants were badly wounded and seemed dazed, but they succeeded in reaching the shore.

In the meantime, at the noise of the guns, the herd took to the shore and fled through the forest, tearing down and trampling everything in the jungle that obstructed their flight.

We went for our canoe, and after descending the river we saw the big bull elephant stranded. What a huge

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

beast he was ! He had two enormous tusks, but, as was always the case, they were not of the same length and weight.

We left the bull, and went into the forest in search of the two cow elephants, for Rogala and Shinshooko were sure that they had wounded them and that they had probably died in the forest not far from the place where they were shot.

We had landed where we had seen them leave the river, and saw some blood on the ground. Following their tracks, we came to a dead cow elephant.

“ Let us go after the other one,” said the two men.

In the meantime they had reloaded their guns. We followed the track the other cow elephant had left behind. After a short time we came up with her, seated apparently on her knees. As soon as she saw us she got up to charge, but she had not gone five steps when she fell dead.

Then we went back to the plantation, and the following day all, including the women, returned with axes and baskets to get the tusks, and as much of the meat as we could.

The huge tusks of the bull were imbedded in his head over thirty-one inches, so there were only about four feet of the tusk outside. He was ten feet in height, and had fine big ears. The hair on his tail

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

was long and coarse. One of his tusks weighed sixty-nine pounds, the other sixty-two. The tusks of the cow elephants were smaller, the biggest not weighing more than twenty-nine pounds.

Rogala, Shinshooko, and Alapai danced round the elephants and cut their tails off, to add to the number they had. Then we made for the plantation with all the meat our canoes could carry. A big platform was built to smoke the meat. We fed on elephant meat for a time, but it was far from being as good as monkey flesh.

CHAPTER IX

WE BUILD A FORTIFIED CAMP IN THE DEPTHS OF THE FOREST — STRUCTURE OF THE CAMP — LAYING IN STORES OF PROVISIONS — KOOLA NUTS — SOURCE OF MY INFLUENCE OVER THE NATIVES

ONE evening as Rogala, Shinshooko, Alapai, and I were seated around a blazing fire, we talked about gorillas, elephants, and other big game, and determined to go and build an “olako” camp in the deep and gloomy recesses of the forest, taking with us Andekko and Ndova.

The following day the women put a large quantity of cassava roots or manioc in the stream running near Rogala’s house; these were to remain in the water three days, after which they were to be cut, pounded, cooked, and made into cakes.

I was short of soap; so my hunters collected a quantity of palm nuts, the kind from which palm oil is made. These nuts we boiled until the pulp became quite soft. Then the women pounded the nuts in wooden mortars, and the pulp furnished the oil. I then gathered all the ashes from the fires, boiled these for a long time, then leaving the ashes at the

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

bottom of the vessel, took the water and boiled it with a certain amount of palm oil. By this process I made soft soap.

I had to wash my own clothes, for not only did the people not know how, but in one sense did not know what clean linen was. They could not tell whether my clothes were soiled or not. I did not wonder, seeing the way they made their toilet. After taking a bath, they rubbed their bodies with oil mixed with clay, or with oil mixed with the powder of odoriferous woods. This was what they called making themselves clean.

The wives of the men and the children were to go with us to help carry the food to our camp; and when the day of our departure arrived, three canoes were loaded with food, bunches of plantain, and our outfit.

We had four axes with us, queer-looking ones, several machetes, two sharpening stones, and ammunition; above all, my "precious box" with its invaluable instruments.

Our party divided and went in different canoes.

After ascending the river for a few hours, we stopped by a path which had led formerly to the village of Rotembo's slaves. There we camped, landing our outfit. A few miles further navigation

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

stopped. We lighted many fires, and the men collected branches of trees for me to sleep upon.

Early the next morning we got ready to start. We followed in single file the footpath — which was almost obliterated, for it was seldom used now except for hunting — and passed through former plantations of plantain and cassava, now covered with a dense impenetrable jungle, far worse than any part of the forest.

The walking was very tedious, for since the path had been used but seldom, numerous trees or their branches had fallen across it. We halted a little after midday to rest and to eat near a lonely crystal-like little rivulet from which we could get delicious water to drink. Then we continued our way until almost sunset.

Rogala, who was leading, suddenly stopped, and I followed his example. The rest of the party, who were behind, gradually came up with us one by one. Then the men said: "Here, Oguizi, we are to build our camp," pointing to a little spring bubbling out of the ground.

I said to myself: "We need not bother about water if we are besieged in our camp, for the spring will be within our enclosure."

We slept under the trees, and the next morning we

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

were all at work getting material for our camp. The men went to cut poles; the women carried them to the camping-ground, or went after leaves to be twisted into ropes.

The cutting of long poles was the most laborious work, for a great many were required. The axes had to be sharpened many times. But after much hard toil we succeeded in making a fortified encampment forty feet square, with the spring in one of the corners.

After that we built separate shelters for every one of those who were to remain behind, to sleep under; then a little house made entirely of sticks close together for Ndova, in which we were to shut him when we went into the forest without him, so that he might be protected from snakes, or birds of prey, such as eagles, or carnivorous animals. Then we made two ladders with lianas. They were almost as flexible as if they had been ropes made of hemp. One was to hang inside and the other outside. I made two shelters to keep our powder in, for I did not want to have the whole of it in one place in case of fire. We cut all kinds of briars, thorn-bushes, big aloes, and small branches of trees, and put them outside the fence for quite a distance, so that if any one came through them, no matter how careful he might be, we should hear them.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

In the centre of our encampment was a tree from which we could look over the fence, and we left uncut two thick bushes in which we could hide.

I said to Rogala: "My 'precious box' must not remain on the ground, for the white ants (nchelaylays) are sure to eat the wood at the bottom and penetrate within. So we will hang it to a branch of a young tree, where it will be safe, for, as you know, the white ants never ascend a green tree-trunk."

There was a koola tree close to our encampment, and we collected the nuts that had fallen. These were to be kept in reserve, and were to be eaten only in case of starvation and not otherwise. For I did not know what might happen; fierce natives might find us out, and lie in wait for us and besiege us.

"Woe to any one who attacks us," I exclaimed to my men.

"Yes," shouted Rogala, his eyes shining with fierceness, "woe to them, for the Oguizi will show them how he fights."

It was good for me that these wild men thought I was endowed with extraordinary power. I never told them I was an Oguizi, or spirit, but I never told them I was not. My safety depended entirely on their superstitious regard for me. If it had not been so, and if they had thought I was a man like themselves,

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

I should not have lived to tell the tale of my wanderings.

After five days of hard work our encampment was finished. By that time almost all our plantains had been eaten up, but we had all the cassava, and the cakes of it would last us a goodly number of days.

The women and the children now thought of returning home. We followed them as far as the river. They were soon in their canoes, taking only two with them. The other was left for us to use on our return. We bade them good-bye, and soon they were out of sight. Then we hid our canoe in the forest.

CHAPTER X

I TAKE A SWIM IN A CRYSTAL POOL — DRIVEN OUT BY A HUGE SNAKE — I KILL THE SNAKE — CAMP-FIRE TALK — HOW TO HUNT — IMPORTANCE OF SILENCE AND NOISELESS MOVEMENTS

AFTER the departure of the women and children my hunters busied themselves in making traps to catch animals. I discovered not far from our camp a beautiful rivulet of clear water, which had a little waterfall, below which was a deep pool and a very good place for a swim. On my return to the camp I told Rogala of my discovery. He replied: "Oguizi, look out for snakes when you bathe, for there are several kinds of snakes that are very fond of being in the water. Some of these are very poisonous."

"I will look out sharply for them, Rogala. They can be easily seen, as the water is so clear," I replied.

Then I took a shot-gun with me, with a few bullets for emergency, in case of a large animal making its appearance suddenly, and left the camp for a swim, Rogala recommending me once more to look out for snakes.

When I came to the stream, I hung my clothes on the branch of a tree, put my gun near the water so that

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

I could seize it in an instant if necessary, and two bullets by its side.

I went first under the waterfall. It was very refreshing, for not a breath of air could be felt. Then I looked in the pool. No snake was there, but just as I was ready to take a plunge I saw a big one creeping along the ground. I had hardly time to look at the reptile before it was in the water. The ugly creature was black, and yellow under the stomach—his head was triangular, thus showing that he was venomous—and about ten feet in length. The water did not appear to me nice any more. I rushed after my gun, then looked at the snake, which was swimming very fast and had the same motion as an eel. I dressed myself quickly, then, gun in hand, I watched for him to swim to the surface of the water. I had not to wait long before he appeared, when I fired the load of small shot, broke his back, and the reptile sank to the bottom.

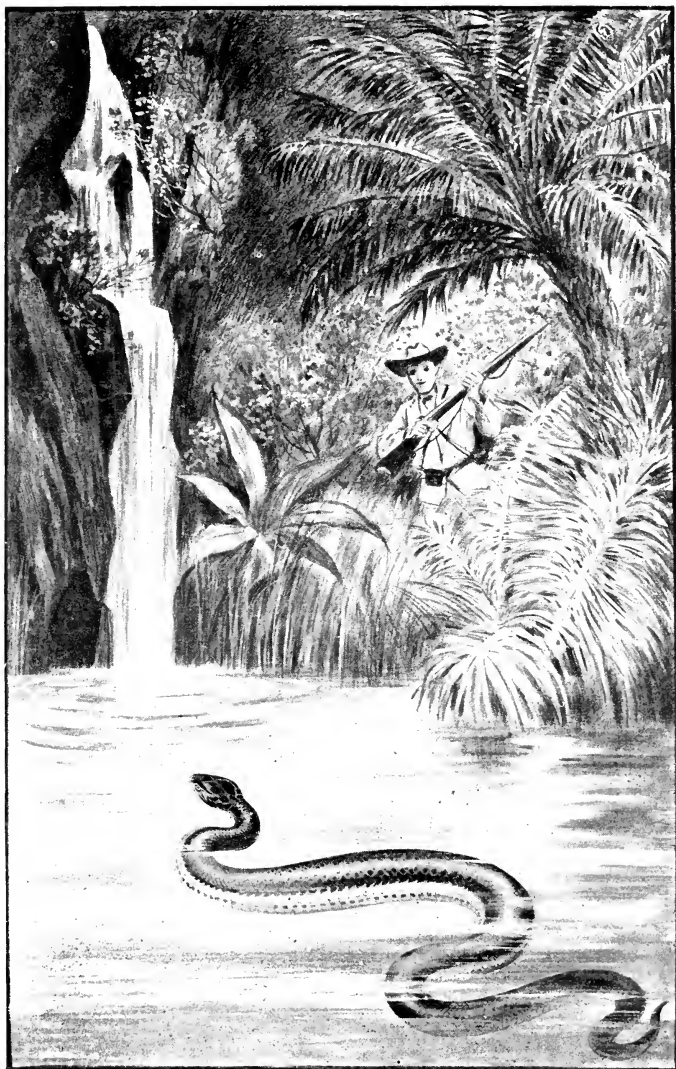
Soon after I saw Rogala through the jungle coming towards me. He had heard the report of the gun, and came to see if I had killed anything. I pointed to the bottom of the pool. When he saw the snake, a broad grin of delight came over his face and he said: "The snake is big and fat, and we shall have plenty to eat." He cut a long, slender, cane-like tree, and succeeded

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

with it in dragging the snake ashore. Then we returned to the camp.

Soon after a large piece of the snake was boiling, and Rogala was to have snake broth. I gave him a little salt to mix with it, to his great delight. When very hungry and having nothing else to eat, I often had to be contented with a meal of snake, but that day I had something else to eat.

In the evening, as we were seated by a bright fire that illumined our camp, my men filled their pipes with tobacco, lighted them, and after a few puffs Rogala broke the silence, and said: "Oguizi, while we are hunting in the forest we must not talk, but call each other's attention by a 'click, click,' which means with us poor black men to be on the lookout, to listen, as we must be very sly, like wild beasts, and walk as noiselessly as a leopard in search of prey. As we walk along, our eyes must be everywhere, our ears must listen. Unfortunately men have only two eyes; it is a pity they have not two other eyes at the back of their heads. Often men hide themselves behind a tree, and when you have passed they throw a spear at you. Hungry leopards often watch at the dusk of the day by the springs where women get their water and then leap upon them. But above all, let us try to be as noiseless when we go through the jungle as a fish



*“Gun in hand, I watched for him to swim to the surface
of the water.”*

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

swimming through the water. No man can hear a fish swim."

"It is so," shouted Shinskooko and Alapai, in approval of what Rogala had said.

Then we thought it was time to go to sleep. As I looked round, I saw that Ndova was asleep with his head hanging down, and that Andekko was stretched at full length by one of the fires that were burning round our shelters.

CHAPTER XI

ANOTHER EXCURSION — FOOTPRINTS OF GORILLAS (NGINAS) — LISTENING TO THE MONSTERS' ROARING — TWO OF THEM CALLING TO EACH OTHER — THEY GRADUALLY DRAW NEAR TO EACH OTHER AND TO US — THEY MEET AND WE SLEEP IN THE FOREST — SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF THE MALE NGINA — KILLING OF THE NGINA AND HIS MATE

WE were up early, and had all slept well. After our breakfast we started, but before doing so we hid our ladder and also an axe as a precaution in case our abode should be discovered and our ladder stolen.

Shinshooko and Alapai were to visit the traps to see if any game had been caught. Rogala and I were to reconnoitre and see where the game was to be found. Ndova and Andekko remained in the camp.

We had been gone about two hours, and had seen several footprints of gorillas; so we knew that they were in the neighborhood. Suddenly Rogala stopped, and said in a whisper: "Oguizi, listen."

His quick ear had heard a noise far, far away. I listened, and soon heard what I thought was the reverberation of thunder among the hills. The noise

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

seemed to be on our right. Rogala listened attentively, and then whispered "Ngina" (gorilla). The noise was made by a gorilla and was renewed from time to time.

While listening, Rogala's quick sense of hearing caught another noise in the far distance, this time on the left, somewhat similar to the one on the right. He listened attentively and then said, "Ngina." It was another ngina, who was answering the talk of her mate.

Then he whispered to me: "Oguizi, there are two nginas talking to each other, the one on our right is the man ngina, the one on our left is the woman ngina, and she answers him."

They were a few miles from each other, and we were about midway between the two. We followed the path which seemed to be half-way between them, looking at our guns carefully in order to be ready for any emergency.

As we walked, we could hear them talk to each other, one answering after the other stopped. It was a real ngina conversation. I could detect the different intonations.

We walked several miles, all the time hearing the two gorillas continuously talking to each other. Rogala said to me: "There is not food enough for the

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

two together, so they have separated in order that each may have enough to eat."

After a while their voices came nearer and nearer, and our position became, I thought, dangerous.

Rogala said in a very low tone: "The nginas are going to meet before night; for they will sleep very near together."

Louder and louder their guttural roar-like sounds came. At last they seemed to be abreast of us, one on either side. I asked Rogala in a very low tone: "Have the nginas scented us?"

"No," he replied in a whisper; "they are talking to each other, and will gradually meet as they come along picking berries and fruits. The nginas can see wonderfully well through the jungle. So let us stand perfectly still.

"The female ngina always runs away," continued Rogala. "It is the male ngina that fights, but both are afraid of noise, and when they hear it they go in an opposite direction. It is only when the male is suddenly surprised by the appearance of a man that he attacks him, or when he is tired of being followed or tracked. Then he makes a stand. Then it is a fight for life."

There was no mistake. The nginas were abreast of us, and we were not more than half a mile from

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

each. But soon the voices or sounds gradually seemed to be ahead of us and became more and more distant. They had passed us.

“After they meet,” said Rogala, “the female ngina, as it is getting late, will go up a tree to sleep with her baby if she has one, and the big fellow will sleep at the foot of the tree, his back resting against its trunk, and there keep watch. We will sleep in the forest to-night. We have koola nuts in our bags, and we will eat these for our evening and morning meals, and we will go after the nginas to-morrow at daybreak.”

The nginas' tremendous voices gradually died away, till one might have thought it was the dying reverberation in the far distance of claps of thunder.

We slept at the foot of a large tree, and made a very small fire, for we did not dare to sleep without one. We had collected the firewood very quietly.

At daylight we were up, and followed the path leading towards the place where we thought the gorillas had slept. We had walked several miles, and I was ahead of Rogala, when suddenly I thought I heard the breaking of branches ahead of me. Could it be possible that a camp of natives was on our way. I thought perhaps I had made a mistake, and that the noise had been made by elephants either breaking

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

branches with their trunks or trampling in the jungle and breaking the saplings in their path. I lay flat, putting my ear to the ground, but did not hear the heavy footsteps of elephants. I got up and said to myself: "It is a heavy dead limb of a tree that fell and was the cause of the noise I heard." Nevertheless I walked more slowly to give time to Rogala to overtake me. I had gone but a little way when I heard the breaking of another sapling or tree-branch; then I stopped and waited for Rogala.

Soon after I saw him coming, and I gave the "click" warning, made with my tongue striking my palate.

At this sign Rogala stood still. I beckoned him to come to me. I could not hear his footsteps as he walked towards me. No leopard or night prowler in search of prey could have made less noise.

As he came near me, I put one of the fingers of my right hand upon my lips. This meant, "Be silent, do not say a word." Then I put my left hand to my ear; that meant, "Listen."

We remained silent looking anxiously at each other. Suddenly another breaking of a limb of a tree was heard. Rogala knew the cause of the noise, and whispered, "Ngina."

We looked at each other without saying a word, then looked at our guns. They were all right. Then

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

Rogala took the lead, and followed the path, for the noise we heard came from that direction.

After a short walk we saw the branches of a tree moving and being swayed to and fro by the ngina. The tree was loaded with large fruits of the size of oranges. The monster was breaking the branches, and when they had fallen on the ground plucked the fruit.

The jungle was so thick around the tree that we could not see the huge creature. So we lay flat on the ground, and advanced towards the tree, separating the jungle on the right or on the left as we made our way towards the monster.

I was so excited that I could hear my heart beat; then I stopped.

The rustling ceased. We looked round and listened. There was no more noise. All was silent; not even the note of a bird or the pecking of a woodpecker was heard.

I was just concluding that the huge creature had departed, when suddenly we heard on our left three most terrific yells following each other in succession. These yells were followed by roars that filled the forest with their din. I looked in the direction with my rifle ready to fire. Then I saw peeping through the leaves a black fierce face looking at us. It was a

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

horrid sight. The brute's eyes were sunken, while a heavy overhanging ridge was over each. He gave vent to yell after yell, resembling somewhat the barking of an angry dog, but seeming to me a thousand times louder. These were followed by terrific roars, somewhat similar to those of lions, but louder. They reverberated through the forest, from hill to hill, and died away in the distance. The forest was filled with the echo of his horrid voice.

Then his whole body came in sight ; he was advancing towards us, walking erect, to kill us. His short legs were scarcely strong enough to support his huge body. All at once he stopped and looked at us. How vindictive his eyes looked! They seemed to say to us : " You will soon be dead."

Then he beat his chest with his huge fist. How long and muscular were his powerful arms! How broad was his chest! His hair stood almost erect on his body, and the hair on his head moved up and down.

But our guns had been pointed at him from the moment we saw him, and just as he was ready to advance we fired in the direction of his heart, and the great monster fell like a human being, face forward, uttering a fearful groan, his limbs stretched out. Then all became silent. He was dead.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

His arms extended measured nearly nine feet; around his chest measured nearly seven feet. He was nearly five feet ten inches in height. We skinned him on the spot, and hung his skin and skeleton on a branch of a tree.

The following morning we went after the skin and skeleton of the big beast Rogala and I had killed. I put arsenic on the skin and stuffed it with dry leaves.

CHAPTER XII

NDOVA AS A TEST OF POISONOUS FRUITS AND BERRIES
— HE DISCOVERS A BEEHIVE — A FEAST OF HONEY
— ANDEKKO'S USEFULNESS IN HUNTING — KOOLA
NUTS — WE KILL TWO WILD BOARS — CAPTURE OF
A BABY "MAN OF THE WOODS"

ONE day while out shooting birds, I came to a part of the forest where I saw several kinds of fruits and berries I had never seen before. Some were beautiful to look at and very tempting, but I did not dare to eat them for fear that they might be poisonous.

Remembering what Rotembo had told me about Ndova and other monkeys, — that they never made a mistake in regard to fruits, berries, or nuts, and never ate those that were poisonous, and threw them away if given to them, — I determined to go back to our camp and bring Ndova with me, and show him the fruits.

The following morning I took Ndova with me, leading him by a cord, for I was afraid of his running away. When I came to that part of the forest where I had seen so many berries, I tied Ndova to

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

a tree, and went to collect them. On my return I gave the most tempting one to Ndova. He smelt of it and threw it away, giving at the same time that peculiar grunt of dissatisfaction which he always uttered when things did not please him. I gave him one of another kind with the same result. I began to think that all the berries I had collected were poisonous. I gave him a third one. He smelt of it and gave it a bite to taste it, then ate the rest with sounds of pleasure very unlike the grunts he had uttered before. Then I took him to the place where there were many of these berries. He ate a lot, and filled his pouches.

I myself ate many of these berries. They tasted very good. I was no longer afraid to eat them, for what was good for the monkey was good for me.

After a while I gave Ndova a berry of another kind, which he also ate. Seeing this, I put one in my mouth, but took it out quickly it tasted so bitter. So I found that Ndova and I had sometimes not the same taste, and that some of the fruits, berries, or nuts he ate, though they were not poisonous, were very unpalatable to me. But afterwards in other expeditions I had to eat them in order not to die of starvation.

The next morning Rogala and I took Ndova with us into the forest, and let him stay by himself. But

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

in a short time he returned. He was in a very angry mood, expressed by peculiar sounds; his hair stood up straight, a sign that he was afraid and angry. Not knowing what the cause could be, we made ready for any emergency, and then went towards the place from which he had come. Soon we were rewarded by the sight of a number of bees round a big hole in a tree. Ndova had discovered a beehive, and, having been stung by bees before, he had come back to us. We were delighted and made preparations to smoke the bees out and get the honey. We did so, and there was a large quantity of it. We were so hungry that we ate the wax and dead bees and the honey all together. Ndova ate heartily with us.

After we had had our feast I petted Ndova and said to him: "Ndova, you have found honey for us, now help us to find some berries."

We continued our walk, and soon came upon fruit-bearing trees. I gave one of the fruits to Ndova, but he threw it away, giving a grunt of anger or dissatisfaction at the same time. These fruits were red and looked very tempting. I petted Ndova again, and said: "Thank you, Ndova, for showing me that this beautiful fruit is poisonous."

Further on I saw some nuts at the foot of a tree. I broke one and gave it to Ndova. He ate it; so

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

the nuts were good. We took a quantity of these with us. Nuts are far more nutritious than berries, and more wholesome.

We returned to the camp and were received with great demonstrations of joy by Andekko. Ndova made at once for Andekko and got on his back. Andekko lay down, and Ndova began to play with his hair. They had a grand time together, for Andekko loved to be scratched.

After this I constantly took Ndova with me, and found him very useful in finding berries, and sometimes he walked by my side or rested on my shoulders without being tied. One day he ascended a tree full of small ripe fruits, uttered grunts of contentment at his discovery, and began to eat while I was looking at him. As I stood under the tree to get some of the fruits that fell on the ground, I wondered whether Ndova threw them at me intentionally or not. I picked them up and tasted them. I found that they had a pleasant acid taste. After a while Ndova came down the tree with the pouch on each side of his cheeks stretched to the utmost and filled with a stock of the fruits to be eaten when hungry.

I had noticed that Ndova was apparently always hungry, for monkeys can eat all the time.

We continued our way, and it was not long before

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

Ndova began to take food from his pouches, and he soon emptied them. He seemed contented and happy; he evidently liked very much the fruits he had eaten.

While we were taking our breakfast, one morning, I said to Rogala: "To-day we will leave Ndova in the camp and take Andekko with us. We must try to kill some game and smoke the meat."

After our meal we made preparations to leave the camp. Andekko was delighted when he saw us handling our guns, for he knew from this that we were going hunting and would take him with us. We put Ndova into the house we had made for him; we did not wish to leave him attached to his pole, for we did not know what might happen. A big eagle might pounce upon him, and being tied up to his pole he would have no chance to flee. Perhaps a huge python or some other big snake might come within the enclosure and charm him, encircle him within its powerful coils, squeeze him to death, and swallow him. Ndova did not enjoy being shut up in his house, and made us understand it by his shrill cries of dissatisfaction as we went out.

Andekko was in high glee; he followed us for a little while, then wandered off into the forest by himself, and from time to time came back to us to make sure, probably, of our presence. He had left us for the

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

fifth or sixth time, when suddenly we heard his barking; he was evidently after some gazelle or antelope. We knew that he was coming in our direction as his barking became louder and louder. We expected at every moment to see an antelope or gazelle pass before us. We were not mistaken. Erelong a beautiful antelope with large spiral horns appeared, followed by Andekko, barking at the beast in the fiercest manner. A well-directed shot brought the antelope down.

Then we cut the game to pieces, and made two "otaitais" (baskets to carry on the back), and we put a lot of the meat in them. On our return to the camp we built a big platform, upon which we put the meat and lighted fires to smoke it.

One day, not long after, Rogala said to me: "Oguizi, the boars are very fat just now, for they feed on koola nuts, and these are plentiful. I feel like having boar's-meat to eat."

As he said this, his mouth seemed twice as large as usual. He evidently fancied he was eating fat boar's-meat. I agreed with him, and we decided on a boar-hunt. We put a lot of berries and nuts in the cage of Ndova, and left plenty of bones for Andekko, and departed for the hunting-ground where the boars might be found. Quite a distance from our

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

camp we could still hear Andekko barking and the cries of Ndova.

We soon came to a koola tree and saw many nuts on the ground. We thought we would get a meal before the boars did, so we broke open many nuts and ate them. Afterwards we hid near the trees. We waited for a long time before any boars made their appearance. At last we heard their grunts, and soon after they were busy eating the koola nuts before us. We picked out two of them, fired, and killed them both. They were fat, as Rogala had said they would be. We could not carry all the meat with us, so it was agreed that Rogala, Shinshooko, and Alapai should return the next day to fetch what we could not take. On returning to camp, we built another platform for smoking the boar's-meat.

“Now,” said I to Rogala, “we have plenty of meat, so we can go and hunt the ‘men of the woods.’”

It was a curious coincidence that my hunters on their return from fetching the boar's-meat next day brought news of the “men of the woods.” They said: “Oguizi, to-day we saw a place where the nshiego-mbouvés have been. They have come to feed on a peculiar fruit that is just getting ripe, and I am sure they will remain in the neighborhood where we saw their tracks for a time. Let us go there.”

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

It was agreed that we would not fire at any other animals, even if we saw an elephant with the biggest of tusks. The men advised me to take "Bulldog" with me, for we might meet nginas, who also were fond of the fruit.

After a good night's rest we started, Rogala taking a net with him to throw over a baby nshiego-mbouvé or a baby ngina, if we should encounter any. We left Ndova and Andekko in the camp this time also.

After a long walk we approached the ground where the men expected to find nshiego-mbouvés. We were startled by the voices of two of them. They were talking to each other, — the male was calling for his mate, — and as it was getting toward sunset Rogala said: "He is calling his wife, for he thinks that it is time to go to bed."

"What do you mean, Rogala?" said I.

"These nshiego-mbouvés," he replied, "make resting-places upon the trees to sleep in at night. The 'man' has one place, the 'woman' another. Let us go carefully into the jungle and see if we can see their 'beds.'"

We did so, but found nothing, and decided to camp for the night, Rogala's net making a nice soft pillow for me. At dawn next day, when it was just light enough to see our way, we ate a light breakfast and started for-

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

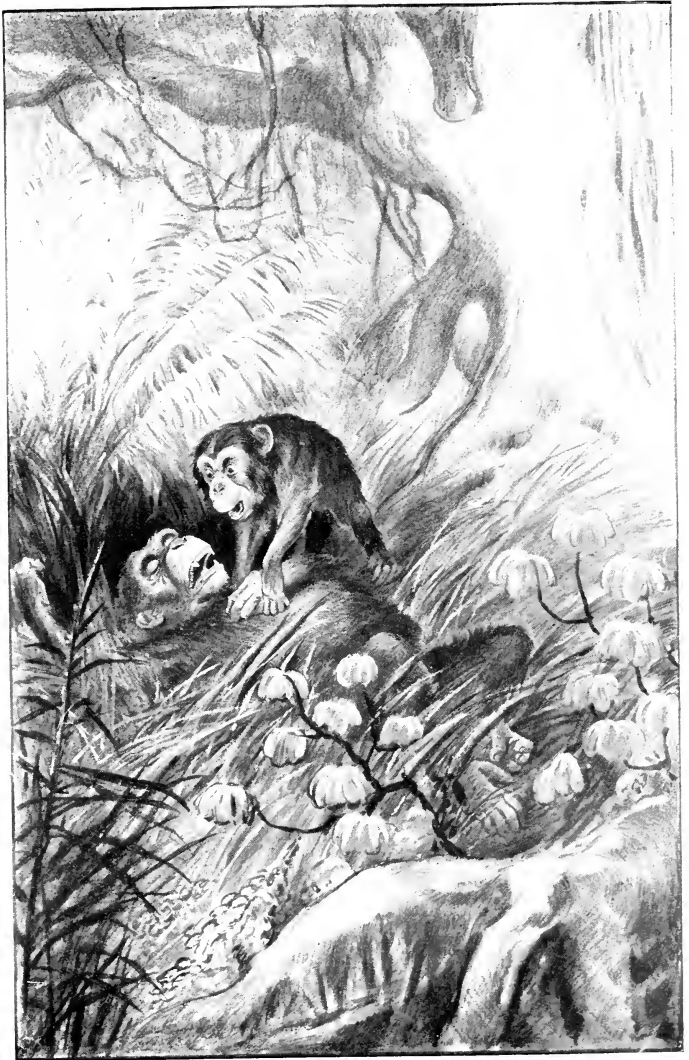
ward. We soon came to a part of the forest where there were many trees laden with the fruit Rogala had mentioned. Soon we saw places where two nshiego-mbouvés had been eating the day before, and where after their meal they had rested on their backs, side by side.

“See here,” whispered Rogala; “there they rested, for they had eaten too much. They will remain in this region for a few days, for they find plenty to eat.”

The others said: “We are sure to meet them if we are patient, but the nshiego-mbouvés are so shy that we must be extremely careful not to raise their suspicions, otherwise they will escape from us.”

At last Rogala gave a “cluck,” stopped, and looked at me. He put his finger upon his lips, a sign to keep perfectly still; then put his hands to his ears, which meant “Listen.” We heard the voices of two nshiego-mbouvés close to us. They were talking in a sort of low tone or grunt. I looked at “Bulldog;” it was all right. Rogala looked at the pan of his gun; it was closed. He raised it; the powder was there. Then he closed it again.

We advanced in the direction of the noise, when suddenly Rogala stopped and made me a sign to lie low on the ground. Then we crawled toward the trunk of a big fallen tree. Rogala’s quick ears had



“ He put his nose close to her face and moaned pitifully.”

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

detected that the nshiego-mbouvés were coming in our direction, and soon after, as we peeped over the trunk of the tree, we saw a female nshiego-mbouvé with a black face, then a very young nshiego-mbouvé near her. His face was very white, as white as that of any white child. The mother seated herself and nursed the little fellow. It all looked very human. She plucked some fruit, threw away the pulp, then gave the inside to the little fellow, who said, "Who, whoe." While he was eating this, she ate half a dozen herself.

She was getting dangerously near, and we ran the risk of being discovered; then she might, in her fright, disappear in the jungle before we had time to take a good aim and shoot. Looking at Rogala, I raised "Bulldog" and fired. The big nshiego-mbouvé fell, and the little fellow ran up a tree, uttering shrill cries of terror.

I whispered to Rogala: "Now let us get our net ready to throw over the little nshiego when he comes down the tree to see his mother."

We kept perfectly still. Soon the baby nshiego-mbouvé came down the tree, and went up to his mother, who was lying dead on her back. He put his nose close to her face and moaned pitifully. He seemed to know that she was dead. Rogala ran up

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

and threw the net over him. He shrieked fearfully. We took him in that manner to the camp, and having cut off the mother's head as a trophy, we took it with us. But our little captive died soon after. We could not keep him alive.

CHAPTER XIII

NDOVA'S THOUGHTFULNESS — HIS WINNING AND SPORTIVE WAYS — HE FEELS LONELY AND CALLS FOR OTHER MONKEYS TO COME TO HIM — A TROOP OF ELEVEN APPEAR — I FRIGHTEN THEM AWAY

I REMAINED all alone in the camp one day while my hunters had gone hunting. Andekko had gone with them. Everything was very quiet.

Ndova was very still and was thinking. There was no mistake about it. His face showed it; his eyes showed it. He had a wonderful and thoughtful expression of sadness which went right to my heart.

I wondered if he was sorry for his lot among us; if he thought that he would be better off in the forest with his own folk. Perhaps poor Ndova wanted a mate to live with him. All I could tell, when I looked at him, was that he seemed supremely sorrowful. "What a pity," I said to myself, "that I cannot speak or understand the ndova talk, for I could then by talking to him find out what is the matter." Then I wished I could understand the language of all the monkeys of the forest. I knew about nine different

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

kinds of monkeys living there; I could tell every species by hearing them, for no two uttered the same kind of sounds.

As I was thinking of these things, Ndova suddenly jumped upon my shoulders, uttering at the same time sounds of affection, and began at once to play with my hair, which was always a favorite pastime with him. When he got tired of this, he jumped down on my lap, and began to play with my hand and tried to get hold of two or three freckles I had upon them. He tried and tried in vain to pick them off; then he became excited, for he could not understand why he could not take them off. It always amused me to see Ndova vexed, for his eyes glared in such a peculiar manner. At last he gave up trying to pick off the freckles.

After this little outburst of temper he regained his equanimity, and began to be himself again, full of life and frolic. That made me feel happy, too, for I thought a good deal of my friend Ndova. I did not forget that he had sometimes saved me from hunger; then did not his capers, queer gestures, and comical grimaces amuse me many times? Was he not our companion in the great forest, one of us indeed? Andekko was a brave dog, but he had not the queer, amusing ways of Ndova, nor his human look. I

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

sympathized always with Ndova when I thought he felt lonely — for I often felt lonely myself, and longed for friends and those of my kind.

Finally Ndova went to his cage, and began to eat the nuts, berries, and fruits I had put there for him in the morning. After he had satisfied his appetite he filled his two pouches to their utmost capacity, the skin of his cheeks being drawn quite tight over them. He looked comical enough, with a big lump on each side of his face.

When he came out of his cage, I tied him to the ring of his pole so that he might go up and down as he pleased. After he reached the top of the pole, he seated himself on the platform and then became thoughtful again. After a while he uttered that peculiar sound he always gave when he called for his species, the ndovas. When I saw this, I said to myself: “Yes; when Ndova has a sad face, it is because he feels lonely. That is the reason he calls for some of his kind to come and keep him company.”

From time to time he called, but no answer came back; there were no ndovas around, but he was not disheartened and kept calling. Finally an answer came from far off. At this he grew excited, and went up and down his pole several times.

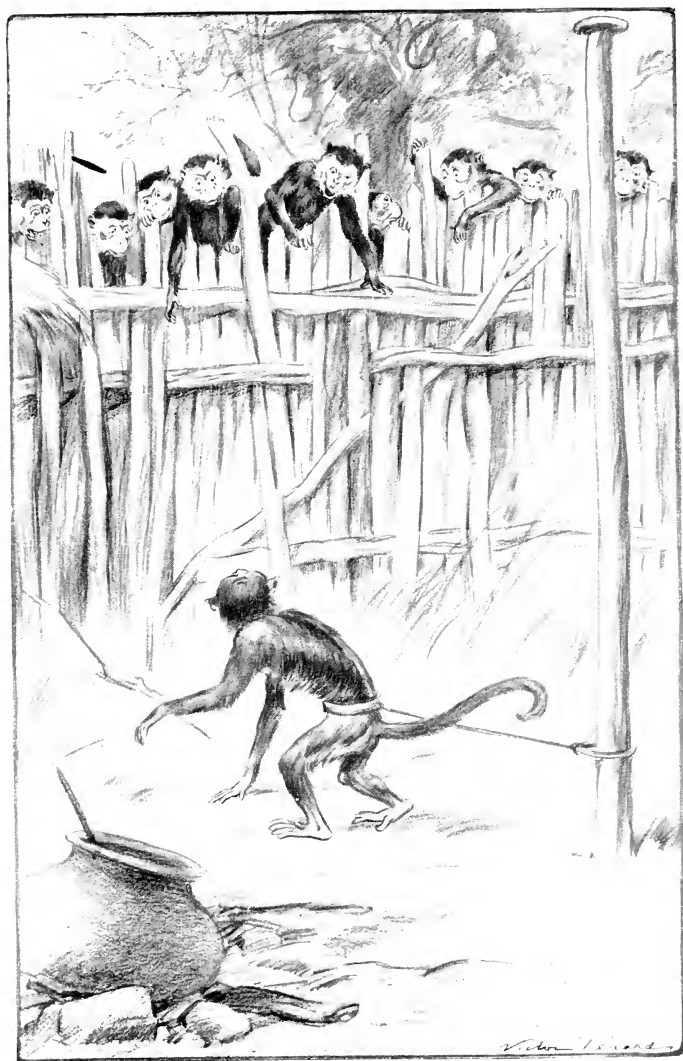
I hid, so that if the monkeys came into our camp

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

they would not see me. I had a good hiding-place. I could hear the advance of the monkeys in the noise they made as they leaped from one flexible branch to another. Now and then they would stop and hold a conversation with Ndova. Soon after they perched upon a tree from which they could look into our camp. They remained silent for a while. The sight was unusual to them. I was glad that Andekko had gone with Rogala, for he would have barked at the monkeys and frightened them away.

I counted eleven monkeys. One was much bigger than the rest, and seemed to be their leader. He was looking down intently at Ndova and the stockade. He was evidently trying to make out what all that new sight to him meant. He was suspicious of the place and did not move. The monkeys would not come to the palisades without his orders. They trusted in his wisdom. He was evidently their chief. I watched carefully his face, which seemed very sober.

After a while he talked to our monkey, all his followers remaining silent. Ndova answered, with sounds I had not heard before. "Oh dear," I said to myself, "why do I not understand the language of the ndovas, so that I might know what the old fellow says to him? I think he wants to entice Ndova away into the forest." I was almost sorry I had not my



"Soon I saw their heads peeping over the palisades."

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

gun by my side. I think I should have shot him for daring to try to make Ndova run away.

Ndova kept moving up and down his pole, now and then running about on the ground, making great efforts to get to his kind the ndovas.

Suddenly all the monkeys joined in a chorus, which excited Ndova very much. Then they all came down the tree together, and soon I saw their heads peeping over the palisades and looking silently at Ndova, the big fellow being in the centre of them, his big human-like eyes glancing all round. Then they all uttered a peculiar sound, which probably meant "Come on, come on," for Ndova tried anew to go to them. But they did not dare to come inside towards him. All at once I emerged from my hiding-place, and at the sight of me they fled, uttering piercing cries of fright.

On the return of Rogala I told him what had happened.

He replied: "Oguizi, monkeys are a kind of human beings."

CHAPTER XIV

UNEASINESS OF ROGALA—HE FEARS THE NEW MOON MAY SEE AND BEWITCH HIM—HE BUILDS A SMALL HOUSE AND HIDES IN IT—HE HAS AN ATTACK OF FEVER, WHICH HE ASCRIBES TO WITCHCRAFT

NOT long after this Shinshooko and Alapai went away, saying that they would return in three or four days and that Rogala would take care of me.

Rogala seemed to be in an uneasy frame of mind. Something seemed to be disturbing him. I said nothing on the subject, for I felt sure that he would tell me at the proper time.

One morning he left the camp all alone, and returned in the afternoon with a big load of palm leaves. The following day he went again into the forest by himself, and returned with a big load of bark. That afternoon he began to build a very small house, and roofed it with the palm leaves, and then made a sliding door of bark. I wondered at his doings, and I asked him why he made such a small house.

He answered: "Oguizi, two days from now will be the day of the new moon, and though we cannot see the moon, on account of the trees, her eyes can

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

penetrate everywhere. The new moon is especially angry and hungry on that day. She looks down over our country and seeks whom she can devour, and we poor black men are very much afraid of her on that account, and we hide ourselves from her sight on that night." After a pause he continued: "From the time of the new moon to that of the full moon many people die, and many amongst those are the ones whom the new moon saw on her appearance in spite of all the precautions they may have taken.

"So the night of the new moon I will go into the little house I have just built, and remain silent all that night, for if I spoke the new moon would know where I was. I am going to bring plenty of firewood for you." Then, with great earnestness and imploring eyes, he said: "Please, Oguizi, put the wood yourself on the fire, and do not call me out of the house, for if I come out the moon is sure to see me and I shall be a doomed man." And as he uttered these last words he shuddered with fear, and then added: "Rogala, if seen by the new moon, could not be with you the next moon, for he would surely die before then."

The following morning Rogala collected a large quantity of firewood, enough to last a few days. Towards noon he spoke to his "ogana," or idol, thus: "You know that I love you with all my heart. I

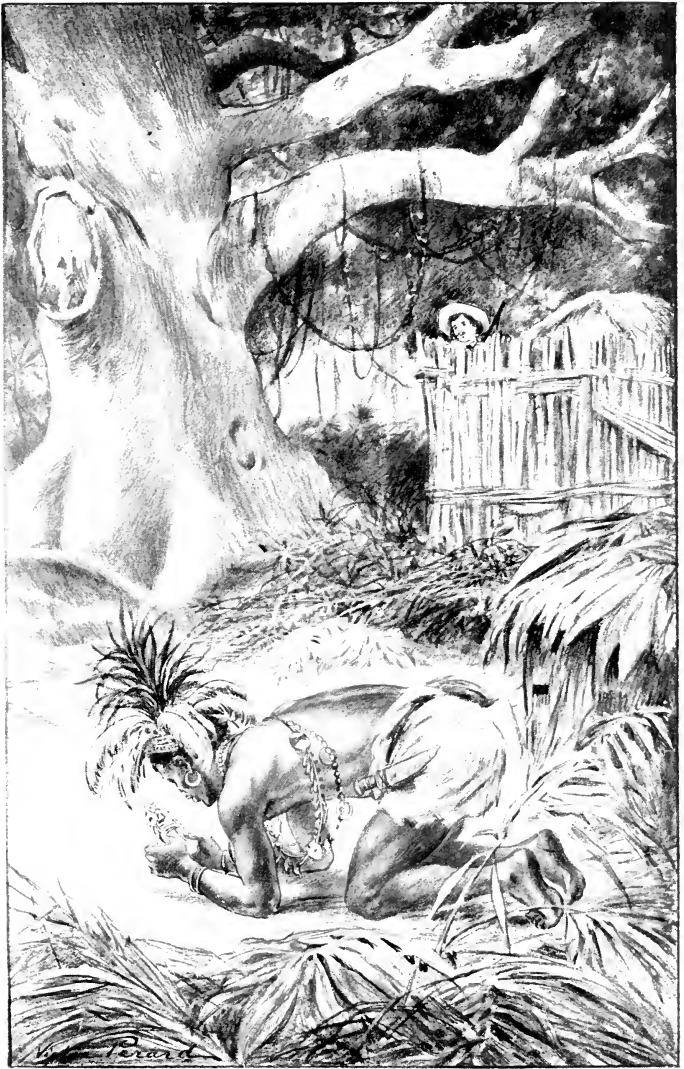
IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

believe in you. Protect me from the spears, arrows, and guns of my enemies. Let all those who try to bewitch me and afflict me with illness or bad luck in hunting and fishing, die. Let our people find out the witches and sorcerers that cause sickness and death amongst us.”

Towards noon on that day he took his gun and went hunting, leaving Ndova and Andekko behind. Two hours afterwards he returned with a gazelle, or “nchombee,” on his back, and laid the animal at my feet, saying: “I have killed this. Please take all you want for yourself.”

Andekko was looking with a hungry eye towards the nchombee, but the long stick of Rogala kept him at a proper distance. I cut off one of the fore-legs and threw it to the dog. Ndova was chattering at the same time, looking searchingly at Rogala. The sounds he uttered seemed to mean, “Have you brought me no berries, fruits, or nuts?” Rogala had brought him nothing, and he was very much disappointed.

I chose half of the nchombee; then Rogala broiled the other part on charcoal, and when it was cooked took almost all of it and went into the forest, whither I followed him. He walked but a short distance, and then stopped before some very large leaves. He



Rogala and his idol.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

plucked a few, and put them together on the ground, and laid the meat of the nchombe upon them, saying: "Olombo and Mombo, this nchombe is for you. You know that I love you, and that I always give you the best part of the game I kill." After this sacrifice we returned to the camp.

Soon after he entered the little house he had built, taking his bag with him, and shut the door behind him. I heard him speak to his idol. When he came out, his body was painted here and there. In the hollow of his chest was a white spot, in the middle of his forehead a white line between his eyes, and there were long white stripes along his arms. He wore all the mondahs his bag contained. He came towards me, and looking at me, said: "Oguizi, sunset is soon coming, and I must go into the little house, and I shall remain there until after sunrise. You have plenty of firewood. You have meat. There is plenty of water in the spring, so you will be neither thirsty nor hungry."

Before entering the house, he called aloud on the spirits of his ancestors to watch over him, said good-night to me, then disappeared into his little hut, and shut the door so that the new moon could not possibly see him.

I found myself alone in the camp. Ndova and

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

Andekko were my companions. Ndova entered his house and soon after was asleep. Andekko stretched himself by the fire. I wondered at all I had seen and the wonderful animals I had killed since I had been in that great forest; then putting lots of wood on the fires, I lay down to sleep. In the middle of the night Ndova uttered several shrill cries of fear which resounded strangely. I jumped out of my bed, revolver in hand, lighted a torch quickly, and went to his house, followed by Andekko, who had been lying by my side. Ndova's eyes glared, his hair stood erect. He gave several grunts, and jumped from one part of his house to the other. Something had evidently disturbed him. Looking carefully on the ground, I saw the trail of a huge snake.

While all this was going on within his hearing, Rogala did not dare to say a word. All was perfectly silent in his little house. When he came out in the morning, he said to me: "The new moon did not see me."

In the afternoon Shinshooko and Alapai made their appearance. They had gone into the forest to hide, fearing that the moon would mark them also for destruction.

The following day Rogala went hunting and returned with a very high fever. He had had a sudden

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

chill on the way. His skin was very hot, and he had a very violent headache. I made him lie down, and lighted several fires round him to act as blankets. I was afraid he had an attack of malignant fever, which carries off people very quickly, sometimes in less than twelve hours. I gave him a very large dose of quinine, and bathed his burning head with cool water from the spring. I watched over him all night.

He was better the next day, and said to me: "Oguizi, some persons have bewitched me; they are jealous, for you are my friend, and you love me, a poor slave, and they say, 'Why should the great Oguizi love Rogala?' and they want me to die."

I replied, "Rogala, nobody wants you to die."

"Yes," he replied very earnestly, "somebody wants me to die, but fortunately I have a powerful *mondah* which is stronger against witchcraft than the machinations and incantations of the sorcerers or witches."

While he was talking, I said to myself: "I suppose that if Rogala should die while with me, the people would say that I had caused his death; that I wanted his spirit to follow me when I left the country because I loved him." I remembered that a man had died the day after I had left a village, and the people there to this day believe that I caused his death for this reason.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

So I was very anxious about Rogala, for not only should I regret his death, but I could not foretell what would happen afterwards.

But he got quite well soon, though his face began again to show signs of anxiety. He seemed almost afraid of our camp, and even suggested that we might build another camp at some other place. He hinted that the place had been bewitched.

“By whom?” I asked, laughing.

“I do not know,” he answered.

“Only your friends Shinshooko and Alapai have been here. You do not mean to say that they wish you to be ill and die? Do not be afraid,” I said earnestly, in order to convince him. “You will not die; the Oguizi will keep you with him.”

These words seemed to reassure him somewhat, but I could see that he was still anxious.

CHAPTER XV

ROGALA LEAVES THE CAMP — NON-APPEARANCE OF SHINSHOOKO AND ALAPAI — WHAT HAPPENED TO ROGALA ON HIS JOURNEY — HE RETURNS AFTER FOUR DAYS WITH A POWERFUL MONDAH WHICH HE BURIES BEFORE THE CAMP

THE next day after our talk Rogala, bending low and taking one of my feet in both his hands, said with great fervor: "Oguizi, I want to go home, and if you let me go I will be back in four days. Yes," he repeated, "I will be back in four days. Shinshooko and Alapai will remain with you."

I said: "You can go, Rogala." I did not wish to ask him why he wanted to go home, but I suspected that he wanted to consult the big idol about the illness from which he had recovered, and to try to find out who had bewitched him.

Early the following morning he departed, and I followed him for a short distance and bade him an affectionate farewell.

I had learned to love Rogala, for he was thoughtful, affectionate, and brave. When with me I always felt that he would never leave me in the lurch.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

Strange to say, Shinshooko and Alapai did not come back that day or night. Were they lost, or had they been killed by gorillas or elephants?

Andekko seemed to know that I was left all alone, and was watching most carefully, walking constantly around our fence and sniffing to find out if there were intruders near. When he had gone round two or three times, he would come back and lie at my feet. Twice during the day he growled, but a few words addressed to him prevented him from barking. We had taught him not to bark when within the camp, but at every growl he gave I listened attentively. Perhaps he had heard the footsteps of Shinshooko and Alapai. Each time the noise had probably been made by some passing antelope or other animal. At any rate, my ladder was inside, and no enemy could reach me unawares.

I did not go out that day. I cleaned "Bulldog" and my other guns, and mended my clothes.

At night I lighted two extra big fires. How strange was the glare of the flames among the big trees that surrounded me! The wind was blowing very hard, for I could hear the rustling of the leaves on the top of the trees. Twice I heard the piercing cries of owls.

I hardly slept. Andekko was wide awake, his

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

ears pricking up at the least noise. Now and then he would go round and round, and when he had made sure that there was nothing, he would return and lie by the fire. At last morning came.

After my breakfast I left the camp, leaving the premises in charge of Andekko, after giving him a good meal and providing more food for him. As I marched along, Ndova, who accompanied me, was looking for something to eat. I heard him utter the chuckle that always meant he had found something good. I went towards him, and found him regaling himself. Looking round, I saw growing on the trunk of a tree large grape-like bunches of a beautiful fruit of a bright scarlet color. Each fruit was of the shape of a very large olive. There were about ten of these bunches on the trunk, and each was about fifteen to eighteen inches long. The seed was large, but the pulp was quite juicy and somewhat acid, with a very pleasant flavor. I petted Ndova to show him that I appreciated his discovery.

If I could have followed Rogala with my eyes on his way from the time he left the camp, I could have seen him (as I afterwards learned from his own account, when he returned) the first day tramping along as fast as he could, now and then stopping and taking

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

his idol from his bag and putting it on the ground, and then talking to her as he would to an old trusted friend; asking her to protect him against witchcraft, to kill his enemies, and to let him go back safe to the Oguizi. When the evening came, he lighted several fires, and took again his little idol from his bag, and made numerous invocations to her. Poor Rogala was very unhappy, for he was fully persuaded that somebody had bewitched him. During the night he heard an owl, and he thought some of his enemies had taken that shape and were following him.

The following day, at daybreak, Rogala left the place where he had slept, and walked as fast as his legs could carry him; then he came to a small plantation where lived a great medicine man, and promised him three brass rods which I had given him if he would follow him. The medicine man assented; then they went to a place where years before Rogala had buried a powerful mondah to drive away witchcraft from the place.

The medicine man made many incantations over the mondah before Rogala dug it out. The mondah was composed of several skulls of nshiegos and bones of other animals. When he had dug up all the relics, Rogala packed them carefully in the otaitai he had with him, then rose and retraced his steps towards

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

our camp, carrying with him the powerful mondah which was to drive away witchcraft from our camp. He was now happy.

The morning of the day that Rogala had promised to return I went into the forest without taking Ndova or Andekko with me. I had "Bulldog," — not that I wanted to use it, but I thought it was prudent to have my most powerful weapon with me; "for, who knows?" said I to myself, "somebody might come into our camp and steal my best friend 'Bulldog.' It is better to be on the safe side in case something unforeseen should happen." I also took with me a hundred steel-pointed bullets.

I found a place where there was a kind of berry I had not seen before, but I did not dare to eat any before Ndova had tasted of them. I took a few of them with me to give them to him on my return. If they were good, then I would come to get more the following day. I continued to go further, thinking that I might find a koola tree, when, to my terror, I found that I had been on the point of stepping over a huge snake, my heel almost brushing it as it touched the ground. The snake lay across the path, and was just the color of the dead leaves. I ran instinctively from the reptile, then stopped. I could not help it, but every time I came unawares upon a dangerous

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

snake my first impulse was always to move away quickly. Then, when I thought I was out of danger, I took my hunting-knife and cut a long, somewhat slender stick, then retraced my steps and looked at the snake. It was thick and short, with a triangular head. I could see by the shape of its head that it was poisonous. Raising my stick, I let it fall heavily upon its spine, breaking it and thus preventing the ugly reptile from turning upon me and from retreating or advancing. But the breaking of his spine did not prevent him from hissing at me when I faced him. Another blow crushed his head; his fangs could not possibly do any more harm, and how big these were! I cut his head off and threw it away. Then I saw that he had swallowed a tiny little gazelle that was not yet digested. I cut the snake into several pieces to take with me to the camp, for I knew that my hunters were very fond of snakes. Then I retraced my steps towards the camp.

As I approached, I thought I saw through the jungle a man by the fence just at the foot of the ladder. I was astounded. I could not believe my eyes. Had any one discovered our abode? Was the inside of our fortress full of enemies waiting for Rogala, Shinshooko, Alapai, and me? How was it that Andekko did not bark? Had they killed dear

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

Andekko? Ndova's voice was not to be heard. Was he killed also? I looked at "Bulldog," then lay flat on the ground and crawled, like a snake, on my stomach towards the man. I lost sight of him for a few seconds, and I thought he had gone. "Then," said I to myself, "our abode has been discovered, and this man has gone to tell the news to his people, who will surely come and attack us."

Fortunately I got sight of the man again. I stood perfectly still, watching him through the jungle. Suddenly it occurred to me that his skin was of the same color as that of Rogala. I looked and looked. Yes, it was Rogala. There was no mistake about it. I recognized his body, though at first I could not recognize his face, for it was so disfigured by being painted with ochre. One side was yellow, the other side white, and his forehead was red.

But what was he doing? I came nearer and watched. I saw his idol by his side, and near it skulls of animals, pieces of broken plates from the white man's country, and some large sea-shells. I recognized the skulls as those of nshiegos and two or three as those of monkeys. I saw Rogala bury them at the foot of the ladder; then he covered them with earth, put dead leaves upon the spot, and tried to make it as natural-looking as it was before. Then he went to the place

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

where we hid the ladder, and came back with it. Taking a monkey he had killed, he climbed the ladder, and soon after was inside. I heard Andekko's bark of joy and Ndova's muttering of contentment.

I remained still awhile, then went hunting again, so that when I returned Rogala could not possibly suspect that I had seen him, and about two hours afterwards I returned to the camp.

Dear Rogala was very happy to see me again. Immediately after his arrival he had made a big fire to get charcoal in order to roast the monkey he had killed on his way back to the camp. In the meantime I presented him with the pieces of the snake I had killed. The berries I had gathered were good, for Ndova ate them, and when I tasted them I found them very palatable. Then Rogala lighted his pipe and looked at me.

His body had been cut very badly by the sword-grass; so he washed himself with warm water, then rubbed himself with oil, and lay flat on a mat by the fire. He was very tired. As he saw that I was looking at him, he said:

“The reason I am so cut by the sword-grass is because I travelled a part of the night. I had told you that I would be back on the fourth day and I wanted to keep my word. I walked with a torch

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

which I made from the gum of an elimi tree I found on the way, but though the torch gave a good light, once in a while I found myself entangled in the midst of long sword-grass." Then he added: "If I had not found that elimi tree, I could not have walked in the dark, for if I had been without a torch a prowling leopard in search of prey might have pounced upon me, and then you would never have seen your friend Rogala again."

Before we went to sleep I said: "Rogala, I know where you have been, I know why you left me." Rogala's face began to appear frightened, for he evidently thought I knew what he had done. Without giving him time to reply, I continued: "You went to dig up an old mondah from the ground, and you brought it here; you have buried it where we hang our ladder."

Rogala looked at me with a sort of dread, then taking hold of my feet, he said: "Oguizi, you know everything." Then he told me what I have just recounted to you, and concluded: "Now no witchcraft can come here."

Shortly afterwards Shinshooko and Alapai, who had gone to see if any animals had been caught in their various traps, returned, but without game.

CHAPTER XVI

WE DISCOVER A PAIR OF NSHIEGO-NKENGOS — DESCRIPTION OF THEM — CAPTURE OF A YOUNG ONE — HE MAKES FRIENDS WITH NDOVA AND ANDEKKO — HIS SPEEDY DEATH

ONE day at daylight Rogala and I left our camp, I taking my light rifle, and Rogala his gun and a net. After we had climbed over our fence we could hear Andekko barking and Ndova's voice of discontent. They wanted to go with us and disliked being left behind.

After about four hours' tramp we came to the region of the pineapple, and we stopped there. At the end of about two hours more, we were startled by the voice of a "man of the woods." Rogala whispered to me: "Nshiego-nkengo! He is not very far from us." In the distance we heard the voice of his mate answering his call. They kept answering each other; but neither Rogala nor I could understand them, for they were speaking the language of the nshiegonkengos. Rogala whispered to me: "The 'man' is telling his mate to come, for he has found pineapples. Let us go towards him and hide ourselves."

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

We went forward as noiselessly as a fish or a leopard. We advanced slowly, looking upon the ground each time we put down our feet, for fear of stepping upon some little dead branches of trees. We put aside most carefully with one of our hands the jungle that was in our way, for we knew that the least noise would make the animals suspicious.

On account of the great care we took to make no noise our advance was very slow, but forward we went, and nearer and nearer we came to the "men of the woods." At last we heard the rustling they made as they moved about in the jungle. We advanced with still greater care, when, lo! I saw the two creatures. I did not even dare to give a click of warning, for fear that their quick ears would hear it. Fortunately Rogala had seen them also. We looked at each other, and I made a sign to him that we must not fire at them, and to remain where we stood.

The two nshiego-nkengos had their backs turned towards us, so we could not see their faces. They were seated close together. Now and then they stretched out their arms to reach the pineapples before them. I could hear them biting them, uttering now and then a peculiar sound of contentment, showing how pleased they were with their food.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

The hair covering their bodies was thin and black, and I could see that it grew over a yellow skin. I could also see the backs of the large yellow ears. That was all. There were many pineapples all round them.

I was much excited. Then the nshiegos turned partly round and I could see their profiles. I saw their pale yellowish faces, which reminded me of the color of the sunburnt Moor of the desert, but no sun had given them that complexion, for the sun does not penetrate the forest. I noticed that their ears were somewhat the shape of those of man, but much larger, and that the lobes were flattened. Their lips were so thin that the mouth seemed to have been made by the skin being cut transversely, but it was very large. They had long slender hands, with palms whiter than their faces; their feet were also very long and slender. Their legs had no calves, and were very short. Their arms were very long. They gradually turned right towards us. Their faces were wrinkled like those of very old people, some of whom have that peculiar colorless skin. Their eyes looked strange and had something human in them, and seemed to be all the time on the lookout.

The male got hold of a large yellow pineapple that was quite ripe, and the female took it away



“The two nshiego-nkengos had their backs turned towards us and were eating pineapples.”

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

from him. He uttered a sort of guttural sound, as if to say, "All right, you are welcome to it," and he picked another. Then they began to pick them one after another, and four mouthfuls disposed of a large pineapple.

After a while they moved away. Rogala raised his gun, looking at me. I made a sign to him not to fire. I did not want to kill them. "Perhaps we shall meet them in the forest," I said to myself, "and I may have a chance to study their ways." I did not even shout to scare them. They moved off gradually, and we went back to our camp.

The following day we took Andekko with us. Towards noon we were startled by the fierce barking of the dog, and heard the shrill cry of a nshiego-nkengo. Soon we came to the place, and saw Andekko looking up a tree at a young nshiego which I thought to be about a year old, and barking fiercely. He was glaring at the dog, the hair of his body erect, and was uttering sounds of defiance, not of fear. He seemed to know that he was safe where he was, and that the dog could not climb the tree.

"Let us try to capture the baby nshiego-nkengo if we can," said I to Rogala.

In the meantime Andekko kept barking at the little fellow, who kept looking at him, uttering now

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

and then a sort of "who, whoe." He seemed to say to the dog, "You cannot catch me." Here we were, Rogala, Andekko, and I, at the foot of the tree, and the young nshiego-nkengo looking at us from one of its branches.

We found that from a young tree with slender branches he had succeeded in reaching the tree where he was. The only thing to be done was to watch for the time when, driven by hunger, he would come down.

In the meantime we heard far away in the distance the calls of his mother. We kept a sharp lookout for her, for though nshiegos are very shy, we were not sure that she would not attack us. She evidently thought her young one was somewhere in the forest looking for her. We spoke loud to scare her.

At last I said to Rogala: "Watch here while I go to the camp to feed Ndova, for the probability is that we shall have to sleep at the foot of the tree to-night."

I went to the camp and fed Ndova, and returned with some food and two axes. Andekko was almost exhausted from his constant barking, which had become quite hoarse and indistinct. The yellow pale face of the little nshiego-nkengo with his big eyes

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

looked at us from his tree. The evening came, and there was no prospect of his coming down.

We slept in the forest, the little nshiego-nkengo still on the tree. "The only thing for us to do, Rogala," said I in the morning, "is to cut the tree down. Then we will watch and throw the net over him."

"That is so, Oguizi," replied Rogala; "only we must see that Andekko does not get hold of him, for he will surely strangle him."

We set to work, and soon the young tree fell with the little nshiego, and before Andekko had time to nab him, Rogala had thrown the net over him. We had quite a job to keep Andekko away, and not before Rogala had shown him a stick he had great respect for, was he quieted.

We returned to the camp with our prize, and by daylight we heard the mother's loud calls. The little fellow responded with shrieks. Andekko barked furiously, and in an instant we were outside our palisades, leaving Andekko within. Shortly after we succeeded in approaching the old nshiego-nkengo unseen, and killed her.

Ndova did not seem to take to the addition to our family. The two looked at each other in a strange way. But the next day they were more friendly, and

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

the third day they had become friends, and were trying to discover insects upon each other's bodies. It took a few days more to make Andekko and Nshiego friends. Finally, however, the great pleasure of Andekko was to lie down by Nshiego and let himself be scratched. In three days Nshiego had become quite tame, but in less than a week he died.

CHAPTER XVII

MY RECKONING LOST—ROGALA AND I GO TO AN ISLAND WHERE I CAN SEE THE HEAVENS—WE REACH IT BY A RAFT AND BUILD A HOUSE—TURTLE'S EGGS IN PROFUSION

I HAD been so long in the forest and had led such a life that I could not remember the day of the week and the date of the month. I was not sure whether I was at the end of July or at the beginning of August, nor could I tell if I was north or south of the equator.

The only way for me to find out these things was to make astronomical observations, to find out my latitude and longitude. While in that great and apparently boundless forest I compared myself to a mariner, all alone in a boat, without compass, in the middle of the ocean, having for days a cloudy and gray sky above his head which hid the sun, the moon, and the stars from his sight, so that he could not know in what direction to steer his boat. The foliage of the trees above my head took the place of the gray and cloudy sky.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

I said to Rogala, Shinshooko, and Alapai: "It is a long time since I have seen the sun, the moon, and the stars, for when I look up I see nothing but leaves which hide the heavens from my sight. I wish to go to a large open place, to a river where I can see the sun, the moon, and the stars, for I want to speak to them and consult them."

When my hunters heard me speak in that manner, all three looked at me with wonder. Their eyes stood wide open with astonishment and seemed to be twice as big as before.

Rogala replied: "Oguizi, about two days' journey from our camp there is a river with a long sandy island which always comes out during the dry season when the water is low. On that island you will be able to see the sun, the moon, and the stars."

It was agreed that Shinshooko and Alapai should return to their home and tell the news about us to be sent to Chief Rotembo.

By daylight the following day we were ready to start. We hid the ladder at some distance from our camp, and bade one another farewell. Shinshooko and Alapai soon disappeared from our sight.

We took an old hunting-path that led to the river and sandy island. Rogala and I had each a heavy load to carry. Rogala carried the "precious box" on

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

his back in an otaitai, some smoked elephant meat, his gun, ammunition, two axes, a machete, and some food. I carried "Bulldog," ammunition, and koola nuts. Andekko and Ndova had nothing to carry. Andekko seemed to know that we were on a journey and that he had to follow us. Ndova was tied on the "precious box" and stood on the top of it.

The hunting-path was almost obliterated, as it was so seldom used. Trees had fallen across it in many places. In some the jungle had grown over it. In others we had to pass under the branches of some fallen trees or walk on the roots.

Towards noon we stopped to eat and rest a little while, then we continued on our way. How silent was the forest! Not even the shrill cry of a monkey or of a parrot was heard. Once in a while we could hear the fall of a leaf or the gentle murmur of some little stream winding its way towards some unknown river.

A little before dark we stopped, and made our camp for the night. We collected a large quantity of dead branches of trees that had fallen on the ground for our fires, and lighted many, and after a hearty meal of boiled elephant meat we fell asleep.

By daylight we were up and continued our journey. We slept again in the forest, though we were near the

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

river. The following morning we stood upon its bank, and I saw in the middle of the stream a long sandy island.

Rogala, pointing out the island to me, said: "Oguizi, this is the island of which I spoke."

Putting our loads on the ground, we took our axes, and cut down trees to build a raft.

When the raft was ready, Rogala put upon it the "precious box," Ndova, and Andekko, and then crossed to the island. Ndova was very much afraid of the water, and clung to Rogala, who, after landing the box, the monkey, and the dog, came back for me.

An exclamation of joy arose involuntarily to my lips as I landed. How lovely was the blue sky, in the midst of which transparent white clouds were moving slowly! How cheerful was the sunshine! It felt so good to tread upon the soft white sand, to be in a place where there was not a tree, not even a blade of grass. In a word, the island was beautifully bare of vegetation. I was so tired of trees and of the forests. I rolled in the sand, lay on my back, and looked at the blue sky.

"We will remain on this island for a few days," I said to Rogala, "and to-morrow we will build a shelter for ourselves. During the day we will go into the



*"When the raft was ready Rogala, Ndoza, and Andekko
crossed to the island."*

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

forest to hunt and seek food. In the evening we will return to the island."

We crossed the river again on our raft, leaving Andekko and Ndova in possession of the island.

We collected building material, cut poles and sticks, gathered large leaves to be used instead of slates or shingles for roofing, and for walls wide pieces of bark ; also much firewood. After a few trips all our material was landed on the island.

First I measured the ground, and decided that the house should be about ten feet long and seven feet wide. We planted sticks about one foot apart, reaching a height of about five feet above the ground. Then we fastened the bark along these sticks, and left an opening to be used as a door, and made a few loop-holes so that we could fire from them in case we were attacked by the natives. I always took great precautions, though I was not afraid of the people. My guns, rifles, a certain amount of ammunition were always near my bed. I slept dressed and with my shoes on. "Always be ready in case of a sudden attack," I said to Rogala, and he replied: "You are right, Oguizi."

Then we placed a beam upon two big forked sticks to support the roof, and covered our roof with the large leaves, arranging them on the top of one another just

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

like shingles. We also built a platform in case we should need it for smoking meat.

Then I walked all over the island, and discovered buried in the sand a number of turtle's eggs, to my great joy, for turtle's eggs are very good to eat. There were so many of them that we should not have starved had we remained quite a while on the island, for not only did we find many eggs but we captured a number of turtles. When I returned from my tour of investigation, Rogala was talking to his idol.

We boiled a number of turtle's eggs, and having salt with us we enjoyed them immensely. If I had had some oil or wild boar's fat, what delicious turtle's-egg omelette we could have made! After breakfast we fished, and were lucky enough to catch some fish, to our great delight. These we broiled on charcoal for our dinner. The day passed rather slowly, for I was anxious for the night to come.

CHAPTER XVIII

APPEARANCE OF THE SOUTHERN HEAVENS AT NIGHT —
HOMESICKNESS — I TAKE SEVERAL OBSERVATIONS —
ASTONISHMENT OF ROGALA — FIND THAT I AM
NINETY MILES SOUTH OF THE EQUATOR

AT last the sun set behind the trees. Darkness came on, and the stars made their appearance one by one. Soon the heavens glittered with them. The murmur of the wind passing through the top of the trees and the gentle noise of the river gliding along the shores were all that disturbed the absolute silence of the night. I was happy to see the stars again. How beautiful they were in the blue heavens!

I gazed upon them silently for quite a while, then I said to them: "I love you, dear twinkling stars, for you are my friends and companions of the night. Without you I should be lost in this great forest. You and the moon tell me where I am. I miss you ever so much when I am without you. I feel lonely without you."

But I missed many of the stars that I loved at home. The little ship that had carried me across

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

the ocean to those southern latitudes had taken me away from them. Many stars that were unknown to me had taken their place, and though they were beautiful and I admired them, I did not love them. The stars that twinkle and look down upon the bright glittering snow, the Mississippi, the Rocky Mountains, the Alleghanies, upon our great lakes, prairies, dales, and hills, upon the pine, the oak, the beech, the elm, and the birch, upon the violets, buttercups, and goldenrods, were those I loved the best.

An uncontrollable fit of sadness seized me as I missed them. I thought of home, of friends. Tears filled my eyes, I could not help it. Fortunate was it that Rogala was not near me. He might have thought that the Oguizi was, after all, a human being.

But there were stars that were old friends. The Pleiades were there, the stars of the constellation of the Great Bear. Vega, that I loved so much at home, seemed to be right above me; so were Aldebaran and the stars of the constellation of Orion. Here the position of the stars made the sword perfectly straight.

The sky of the southern hemisphere was very unlike that of the northern. One of the most striking sights was the constellation of the Cross, commonly known by mariners as the Southern Cross, composed of four brilliant stars. The three brightest stars in the

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

heavens, Sirius, Canopus, Centaur, filled a part of the heavens with their light.

Mars, Venus, Saturn, and Jupiter were looking upon me. That part of the Milky Way between the stars Sirius and Centaur was so rich in stars and crowded nebulae that it seemed a perfect blaze of light.

There were the Magellanic clouds, white-looking patches, made up of countless stars unseen to the eye, and nebulae, — stars in formation, — shining brilliantly and revolving round the starless South Pole.

Then, looking northward, I saw the constellation of the Great Bear, which reaches its meridian altitude at about the same time as the constellations of the Cross and of the Centaur.

I gazed upon the heavens almost all of the night. I was perfectly oblivious of everything else. Stars appeared and disappeared. They were like a succession of guests coming and going.

At last I said good-night to the stars, and pulling my old panama hat over my head, to protect my eyes from the rays of the moon, I soon fell asleep on the sand, under the blue heavens and the stars twinkling over me. I dreamt of friends, of boys and girls at home, of the North Star, of snow, of strawberries, peaches, and jam. I was suddenly awakened by the sharp barking of Andekko. It was broad daylight. Rogala was cook-

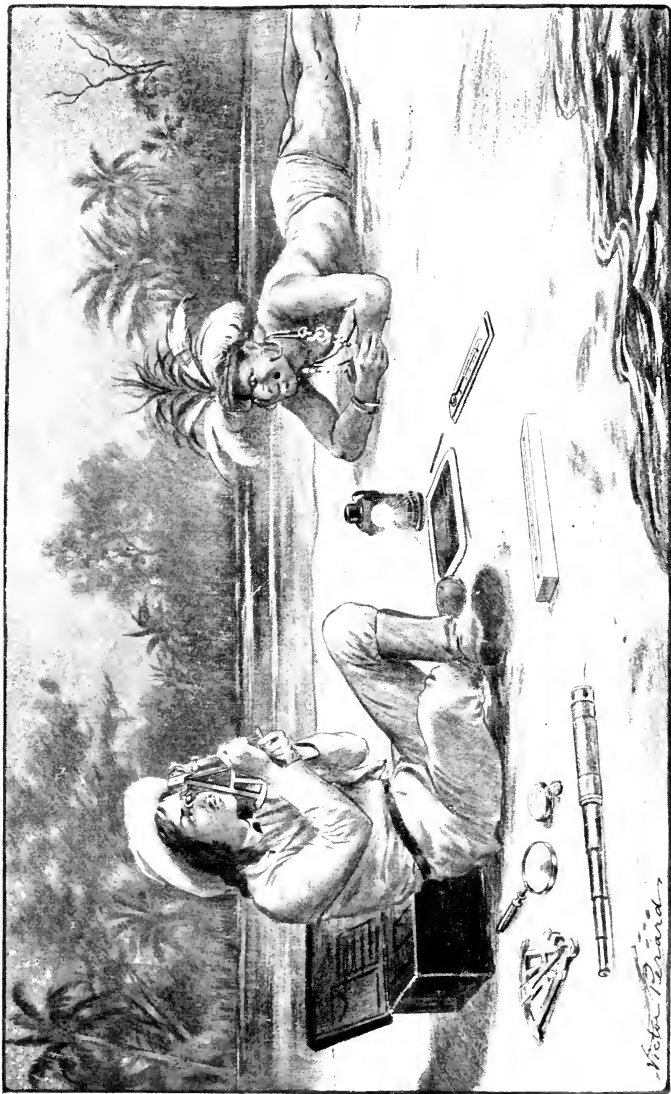
IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

ing turtle's eggs. Ndova was looking at me. All the stars had disappeared, and the sun had risen to give life and food to the sons of men, for without the sun there would be no life, no vegetation upon the earth. I spent the day quietly, waiting impatiently for the night to take astronomical observations.

After sunset I said to Rogala: "Bring me the 'precious box.'" After he had laid it at my feet I opened it.

Rogala stood up close to me, looking on with mingled feelings of curiosity and fear. First, I took from the box two sextants — one was to determine the altitude of the stars, planets, and moon; the other the distance between them from east to west, or *vice versa*. Then I took out a trough, which I filled up with quicksilver to be used as an artificial horizon, on which the stars were to be reflected.

From a little copper-screwed water-tight box I took two watches out of four which all marked the seconds, a bull's-eye lantern, and other objects that excited the wonder of Rogala. Before taking the observations, I thought I would have some fun with Rogala. I placed my telescope in position for Jupiter and said to him: "In the land of the Oguizi this star is called Jupiter. Do you see little stars round it?" I meant the satellites.



Nata Beard

“When I was ready to take observations, I seated myself cross-legged before the artificial horizon.”

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

“No,” he replied.

“There are stars near it,” said I, “but your eyes cannot see them. I will show them to you.”

Then I made him look with the telescope towards Jupiter, and he saw the satellites. He looked at me with awe, then with wonder. Fortunately he knew I would not harm him, but throwing himself at my feet, he took hold of them and exclaimed: “You are a great Oguizi. My eyes have seen what no other black man’s have seen before ;” then he got up and in a loud voice invoked the spirits of his ancestors to protect and watch over him, and shouted, “Great indeed is the Oguizi.”

When I was ready to take observations, I seated myself cross-legged before the artificial horizon. On my right was a sextant to take the distance between the moon and the lunar stars that were in position. Close by was one of the watches ; also the magnifying-glass to help me to read the degrees, minutes, and seconds on the sextant.

On my left was the sextant for taking altitudes, near which was the slate with pencil to write down the figures, and the bull’s-eye lantern was lighted to help me to read the sextant. Also a thermometer for ascertaining the temperature.

The most important thing was to make the obser-

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

vations as quickly as possible and read from the watch the space of time between them.

After spending four hours in making observations I stopped. I looked at Rogala. He was fast asleep, for he was very tired and had worked hard during the day. I awoke him, and we went to our little hut and lay down to sleep. We knew that if natives came up or down the river Andekko would warn us in time.

When I awoke, Rogala was still asleep. Ndova had his eyes shut and his head was hanging down on his breast. Andekko lay across the door, apparently asleep, but as soon as he heard me he wagged his tail and followed me to the river and remained by me until I had had a good bath.

For three days and three nights I worked very hard. I took many observations, and made calculations which showed my latitude, longitude, the day of the month and of the week, and gave me the month in which I was. I found that it was Wednesday, the 17th of August, that I was ninety miles south of the equator, and two hundred and ten miles in the interior.

CHAPTER XIX

WE CROSS THE RIVER AND HIDE OUR AXES—NDOVA'S
FRIGHT AT A PYTHON—ANDEKKO FINDS A LEOP-
ARD'S LAIR—WE CAPTURE TWO LEOPARD CUBS—
A VISIT FROM SAVAGES—THEY ARE FRIGHTENED
BY MY WATERBURY CLOCK

NOW that I knew from my astronomical obser-
vations where I was, and what was the day of the
month and week, I said to Rogala: "Let us go and
hunt in the forest, for possibly I may kill some
animals or birds I have never seen before. I have
done talking to the stars, the moon, and the sun for
some time now."

As we were ready to go across the river, I said to
Rogala: "We must take our axes with us, for who
knows if some wandering natives may not be roaming
here and take our raft? If we have our axes, we can
make another one quickly." Then we embarked,
taking also Andekko and Ndova with us.

After landing, we hid our axes carefully in two dif-
ferent places; one was put in the hollow of a tree, the
other under dried leaves. We were walking silently,
Rogala leading, for the path was very difficult to

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

follow, being often obliterated by the jungle or fallen branches.

All at once Ndova ran towards me, seeming very much frightened. His eyes were almost starting out of his head, and he sprang upon me and held fast and close to my clothing. He looked in a certain direction, then uttered a cry of anger and defiance towards the place. I whispered to Rogala: "What can be the cause of Ndova's fright and anger? Look at his hair! It is standing up all over his body."

"Probably a snake," replied Rogala.

We went carefully towards the spot whence Ndova had come, and saw a huge python coiled round a tree, watching for prey. We killed the reptile, which was nearly twenty feet long. Rogala cut it into many pieces, packed them together in large leaves, and hung the parcel on the branch of a tree, and said with evident glee: "When we return I will take the parcel with me, for the snake is fat, and will make good soup."

We continued to follow the path, looking all around us for game, and walked as lightly as we could. The footsteps of Rogala, who wore no shoes, could not be heard.

Soon Ndova began to call for monkeys. His power of scent or of hearing was so great that he had

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

detected the presence of monkeys, though we could hear nothing. His calls were soon answered. Then we made him fast to a cord, for fear that he would go away from us. Each side kept on talking and answering each other, and the cries of the flock of monkeys to which he was talking came nearer and nearer. Then they suddenly stopped. Had Ndova warned them not to come nearer? I thought I had detected a peculiar sound that was unlike those he always uttered when he wanted ndovas to come. I might be mistaken, but, after all, they did not come, and we did not hear them utter a single cry.

We continued on our way. After a while we heard in the distance the fierce and angry barking of Andekko. We listened, then shouted at the top of our voices, "Andekko, Andekko," so that he might know we were not far from him. He was evidently not pursuing game, for the barking was stationary.

Rogala said to me: "Let us go through the jungle towards him and see what causes this fierce barking."

"Yes," said I, "let us go and see what is the matter."

So we left the path, and went through the thick jungle, breaking some of the branches as we went along to guide us on our way back.

Louder and louder became Andekko's barking as we neared the spot where he was, when suddenly the

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

barking ceased. The face of Rogala became anxious, and he said to me in a low voice: "Perhaps Andekko has been pounced upon by a snake, which is now coiled round him, and has squeezed him to death."

"That may be so," I replied. "Let us hurry." So we went, careless of the noise we made. We had only our dear Andekko in our minds, and we wanted to save his life, and, if too late, wreak our vengeance upon his destroyer.

"Dear Andekko," I said to myself, "I think a great deal of you, for you have been such a faithful dog, and have rescued us so often from starvation. I will surely kill the animal that has killed or even hurt you."

As we approached the spot, I thought I heard a peculiar noise. I listened. There was no mistake about it. Andekko was alive, and seemed to be busy choking some animal or other.

Rogala and I advanced towards the spot, and came to a dark place in the forest, where a number of big trees had fallen upon each other. Under all was a dark recess, a sort of den, and the dog was there. We shouted "Andekko, Andekko," and he came out with a small leopard in his mouth. We were before a leopard's den; both the father and mother of the cubs had gone in search of prey for them.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

“ There is no time to be lost,” said Rogala to me. “ I will go into the den and get the leopard’s cubs if Andekko has not killed them all. Watch carefully, Oguizi, while I am in, and if the leopards come, let ‘ Bulldog ’ send them their death-blow.”

Rogala had perfect faith in “ Bulldog,” and believed in its supernatural powers.

In the meantime Andekko was barking furiously outside, and it was all we could do to prevent him from again going inside. If he did, he would surely kill the rest of the young leopards, if he had not done so before. I watched carefully while Rogala was getting within; my eyes were everywhere around; “ Bulldog ” was cocked, and I was ready for any sudden coming of papa and mamma leopard. I felt that I must be quick in aiming at them in case they made their appearance together.

In the twinkling of an eye, however, Rogala came out of the den holding two little live leopards by the neck. There were two others, he said, that were dead, and Andekko had had hold of these two.

Rogala looked at me anxiously, and said: “ Oguizi, if the leopards are on their way back with food for their little ones, we shall have a bad time. Their anger will be terrible when they see some of their young dead and torn to pieces, and others missing.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

They will scour the forest in search of their enemy. They move very fast if they have the scent, making one immense bound after another."

"I will set fire to the leopard's den," I replied; "there are many dead branches, and the fire will spread quickly, and the leopards will not know about our being here." At the same time I lighted a match, and set fire to a spot where there were many dead branches and dried leaves. Soon everything was in a blaze, but in that great and damp forest fires never spread far. We left the spot, and as soon as we were in the path we ran as fast as our feet and legs could carry us towards the river and our island, with visions of leopards bounding at full speed after us. Once in a while I could hear the voice of Rogala say: "Go on, Oguizi, go on!" At other times when I saw him flagging, I would shout: "Come on, come on, Rogala!"

I was quite ahead after a while, and as I came in sight of the river I saw a number of savage-looking men on our island. I counted twenty of them. They looked fierce, and their bodies were covered with war-paint. They carried ugly-looking barbed spears and shields made of elephant skins. Their leader walked ahead of them. He was short, and looked fiercer than the rest. They advanced cautiously, and



“Rogala came out of the den holding two little live leopards by the neck.”

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

suddenly they stopped and looked frightened. They were looking at my Waterbury clock, and as soon as they heard the tick-tock they turned suddenly and fled in great haste towards their canoe. In a jiffy they left, filled with fear, and paddled away down the river with the greatest speed. I followed them with my eyes until they disappeared behind a bend of the river.

When Rogala rejoined me, I told him what I had seen, and he said: "Those people live higher up the river, and are going to visit their friends."

I drew a long breath of relief as soon as we got upon our raft, for we did not know but that the leopards were after us.

Suddenly Rogala said: "I have forgotten the snake."

"Never mind," I said to him, "we will go after turtle's eggs."

We had reached the island just in good time, for soon after we heard the roaring of the leopards. They had scented us.

Happily the water was between us. Their rage knew no bounds, for they saw the impassable barrier between us. I said to Rogala: "Hold one of the little leopards up by the neck so that they can see him." Then I fired and succeeded in killing one of

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

the leopards. The other then fled, and we never heard of it again.

That night I slept with "Bulldog" within my arms, and rested my head on the belt holding my revolvers to be ready in case the men we had seen should come back.

The following day we went into the forest in search of game, in spite of our fear that the leopard might still be in the neighborhood. The first thing we did was to collect berries and nuts for Ndova. Finding no game, we returned to our island. Ndova was delighted when we brought him berries. When he could eat no more, he filled his two pouches to their full capacity.

CHAPTER XX

LEAVE THE ISLAND FOR OUR CAMP—MONKEYS AMONG THE TREES—FIND EVERYTHING UNTOUCHED—I GET LOST FOLLOWING NGINAS—AM LUCKY ENOUGH TO FIND KOOLA NUTS—CAMP UNDER THE KOOLA TREE—ANOTHER NIGHT IN THE FOREST

THE time had come for us to leave the island and go back to our camp. I was very much pleased with our trip. Now I kept the days carefully. We cooked hard all the turtle's eggs we had and roasted the fish we had caught. Fish tasted very good, for we had been so long without it. Rogala loaded the raft with our outfit. On his return, after landing the latter, I embarked and bade good-bye to the island and to the sun, the moon, and the stars.

It was not long before I heard in the distance a noise like a storm amongst the branches of the trees. The sound was peculiar. Monkeys were coming towards me. This noise always proclaimed their approach. When they came in sight, I saw there was a troop of about thirty of them; they were ndovas. On their march onward, they flung themselves from

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

branch to branch, travelling with very great speed. The branch upon which they alighted bent sometimes ten and fifteen feet under their weight, and rebounded with great force after they had sprung to another. Sometimes they were high up in the tree-tops. Then they descended, to go up higher again. They never sprang upon a branch that could not rebound, and it was during the rebound that they leaped to another, never making a mistake. Their eyes were too quick to miss their mark. They calculated the distance they could spring with marvellous accuracy.

They followed their leader, a big fellow, in quick succession and in silence, and seemed to go four or five abreast. They used chiefly their arms to grasp the branches upon which they alighted and their legs to support themselves. They were so quick in their motion that my eyes often could not follow the movement of their limbs. The end of branches often struck against their faces, but apparently did them no harm, as they swung in the same direction. So they went forward, leaving behind them branches of the trees still swaying for quite a while, filling the forest with their tremor.

They were travelling parallel with the hunting-path, and seemed to go at the rate of fifteen miles or more an hour. Soon they were out of my sight.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

Gradually the noise they made became less and less and less and then ceased. They were far away. I continued on my way towards the plantation. After a few miles I heard the chatter of ndovas, and came upon a tree upon which they were feeding. They seemed to be having a great carnival of joy amongst themselves. I was interested in looking at them, hidden in a thick bush, and did not wish to kill any, as we had food enough in the camp. They made queer faces at each other; the leader would give now and then a fruit to one of his female companions.

When we got sight of our camp, we looked around and listened awhile, but nobody was there. We went after the ladder, climbed it, and soon were within the enclosure. Ndova's house was just as it was. Rogala's house for the new moon was intact. The large stock of firewood we had gathered was all there. Nothing had been disturbed. Our abode had been discovered by no one.

Two days after Shinshooko and Alapai returned loaded with plantains. We were glad to see them again, and enjoyed the plantains prodigiously.

A few days after our return I went into the forest in search of game. Towards noon I heard, at some distance from the path, a noise made by some animal. I left the path and went in the direction of the noise.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

The jungle in that part of the forest was not thick, and I could walk fast.

After a while I saw amidst the trees some black objects moving ahead of me. At first I thought they were men, but soon discovered they were nginas. I hid behind the trunk of a tree and watched them. There were three nginas. I saw the biggest take a young tree several inches in diameter, break it in two, and eat the heart of the wood.

The nginas were not old, and looked extremely human. They moved away a little further, and where a fruit called tonda by the natives was growing, they uttered chuckles of delight at their discovery. One handed a tonda to one of the others. I was much afraid they would see me, but after eating the tondas they moved further off and got into the midst of some pineapples, which drew from them more guttural sounds of content. The pineapples disappeared quickly. They ate at least ten each. Then they rested and looked at one another.

Before long, however, they became suspicious, and moved away. I followed in their tracks, but, in my eagerness to pursue them, I omitted to make marks of any kind as I went along so that I could find my way back. It was a great mistake.

Twice I came within sight of the nginas, but inter-

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

vening branches and overhanging lianas prevented me from using "Bulldog" and getting a shot at them. Finally, I gave up the chase. Then I remembered that during my excitement I had forgotten to mark the trees in order to find my way back, and soon I realized that I was lost. I was in a great dilemma, and I reproached myself for being so careless, and for not having followed the advice that had been given me in the forest.

I walked one way, then another, but could see no traces whatever of where I had been. I was lost, and the remembrance of my former experience while hunting with Oshoria, the slaves of King Mombo, and my other hunters, came vividly before me.

I began to be hungry also. I saw two big koola trees, but the boars had been there, and eaten all the nuts that had fallen. I wished I could have had a peep at these boars, I would have fired at them. Suddenly down came a nut. I made for it at once. Then I said to myself: "I will stay under this tree the rest of the day and camp here to-night, for probably more nuts will fall during that time." I looked for water, and found a little rivulet near by, which confirmed me in thinking this a good place for a camp.

Another nut fell. I rushed towards it, broke it, and

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

soon the kernel was in my mouth. Then another nut fell, and another. No sound seemed to me sweeter than that of the falling of the koola nuts. A strong wind was evidently blowing, for the tops of the trees were shaking and the leaves were quivering. "Blow hard," said I to the wind, "blow hard, for the nuts will fall."

Listening to the sound of the nuts as they fell one after another, and putting a lot of wood on the fire, I lay down to sleep, feeling a great deal better after my meal.

The next morning I awoke perfectly fresh. During the day I came to a tolerably well-trodden path, which was more used than all those I had seen since I had been in my forest home. But I did not know in which direction to follow it. Finally, I determined to follow the right. I walked the rest of the day, but I found nothing to show me where I was going. I was very hungry, but the koola nuts had kept me alive, with the help of water.

I camped again that night in the forest. I put under my head as a pillow my revolvers, and laid "Bulldog" by my side.

CHAPTER XXI

PLANTAIN PEELINGS TO EAT — HUMAN FOOTPRINTS
LEAD ME TO A VILLAGE — THE VILLAGERS EVI-
DENTLY WARLIKE — ADMITTED WITHIN THE GATE
— AWE OF THE PEOPLE AT SIGHT OF THE OGUIZI

EARLY the next morning I was up, and followed the path until I came to another which crossed it. This one was well trodden, showing that it was quite frequented. The question again arose, which side must I take. I concluded to take again the right. Soon after, I discovered some plantain peelings and the remains of a fire. I was delighted at the discovery, and stopped and roasted the peelings, which were better than nothing. I did not like them, but I was very thankful that I had found them. Further on I came to a place where the ground was soft, and saw before me four well-marked human footprints. Two were much larger than the others, and were evidently the marks of a full-grown man; the others looked as if they were those of a woman.

I continued until I came to a place where these two people had rested. I was overjoyed at this discovery, for I knew that they were going to some village or

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

plantation. Soon after I heard voices. I stopped, and left the path and hid in the jungle behind a tree, watching for people to pass. I waited and waited; no one passed. So I left my hiding-place and returned to the path. A little further on I heard more voices; then I left the path again, but I walked parallel with it and was exceedingly careful, looking around everywhere constantly. I had learned from the natives to walk parallel with a path and at some distance from it in case one does not wish to meet people.

After a while I heard voices again, and this time many people were talking together. Evidently I was near an encampment or a village. A village at last came in sight. The houses had no back doors, and numerous dead branches of trees were scattered round, so that it was impossible for any one to come near without making a noise and so being discovered. Apparently the people were holding a meeting, for now and then I could hear a number of voices say, "Yo, Yo," in token of approval of what the speaker was saying.

I went carefully round and saw that each end of the street was closed by a fence made of strong poles varying in height from twelve to fifteen feet and even more. At the top of many of the poles were skulls of wild beasts. Clearly this village belonged to a war-



“Clearly this village belonged to a warlike tribe, whose people were always fighting.”

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

like tribe, whose people were always fighting. In the middle of the fence was the gate, on each side of which stood two big idols of human size and representing two women. How ugly they were! Each had a tongue of iron coming out of the mouth about six inches long, sharp as a razor; their eyes were of iron, they wore big ear-rings of copper of the circumference of an ordinary plate; both wore head-dresses of brilliant feathers. Their bodies were painted of different colors. One held a stick in her hand, which she was brandishing; the other a snake, which she was swinging. At their feet were bones of different animals, talons and heads of eagles, heads of snakes, and many other things.

There was a great noise inside. Soon I heard the tomtoms beat. They sounded to me very warlike. As it was getting late, I decided not to enter the village until the following morning, and retired noiselessly into the forest at quite a distance from the village, and after lighting my fires I went to sleep, wondering what sort of people I was to encounter the following day.

At daylight I was up, but waited until the day was more advanced before going to the village. I kept pondering whether the natives would receive me well, run away, or show fight. At last I left my

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

hiding-place, and a short time afterwards I stood before the village gate and between the two idols. I could hear numerous voices in the distance, sometimes shouts, and the beating of the tomtoms. I judged that the people belonged to the Bakalai tribe.

Then hearing the voices of two women inside close to me, I said to them: "Please open the gate to the Oguizi, who is your friend."

When they heard me, they ran away; but soon three men came up and talking through the palisades, asked who I was, for they could not see my face.

I replied: "I am the Oguizi; I come to see you."

When they opened the gate, I found myself in presence of three fierce-looking fellows, armed with barbed spears, bows, and poisoned arrows. They were tall and young and looked like warriors. Closing the gate behind me, they looked at me with signs of awe, and one of them said: "Are you the Oguizi who has come to see the people of the forest?"

I answered, "I am."

It was fortunate that I could talk the Bakalai language. The three men told me to follow them. As soon as the villagers got a glimpse of me there was a great commotion; the meeting was suspended, the tomtoms beat with greater fury than before, and soon I found myself surrounded by savage men.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

The people formed a great circle, and danced round me, singing, at the same time taking most beseeching postures and making invocations to me, asking me to do them no harm. They acted as if I were an idol. When they stopped, I learned that the name of the chief was Peday. I asked to see him. Some of the men went after him, but came back without him. He sent the following message to me: How could he dare to come before the great Oguizi, whom his forefathers had never seen? He would surely drop dead at the sight. He knew that I was coming, because for several nights a gentle wind hovered over the house where he slept and murmured, "The great Oguizi is coming! the great Oguizi is coming!" But he sent word that in three days he would come before me.

Soon after bunches of plantain, two chickens, some eggs, and a dead monkey were laid at my feet, which showed that I was welcomed, and then a hut was given to me that I could occupy by myself.

CHAPTER XXII

ALARM OF MY HUNTERS AT MY ABSENCE — ROGALA
SETS OUT TO SEARCH FOR ME — HIS SUPERSTITIOUS
TERRORS — CONSULTS HIS OGANNA, OR IDOL — FINDS
MY TRACES AT LAST AND FOLLOWS ME TO THE
VILLAGE

MEANTIME, as I did not return to our camp, my hunters became greatly alarmed. They set off in different directions in the forest in search of me. Rogala took Andekko with him, thinking that the dog might scent me, and also Ndova.

He slept in the forest that night, and at daylight he started again and kept thinking all sorts of things as he walked along. He wondered if I had left him for good, and gone back to the moon or vanished into the air. If so, what would Rotembo say when he returned without me? He dreaded his chief's wrath. Then he thought that if I was displeased with him, all would be over with him, for I would send all sorts of evil upon him. Such thoughts crowded upon his mind, one after another.

But soon he said to himself: "How can the Oguizi be angry with me? Have we not eaten together?"

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

Did he not shake hands with me before he left the camp? Did he not say, 'Take good care of Ndova and Andekko'?" These thoughts reassured him, and gave him new hopes and courage.

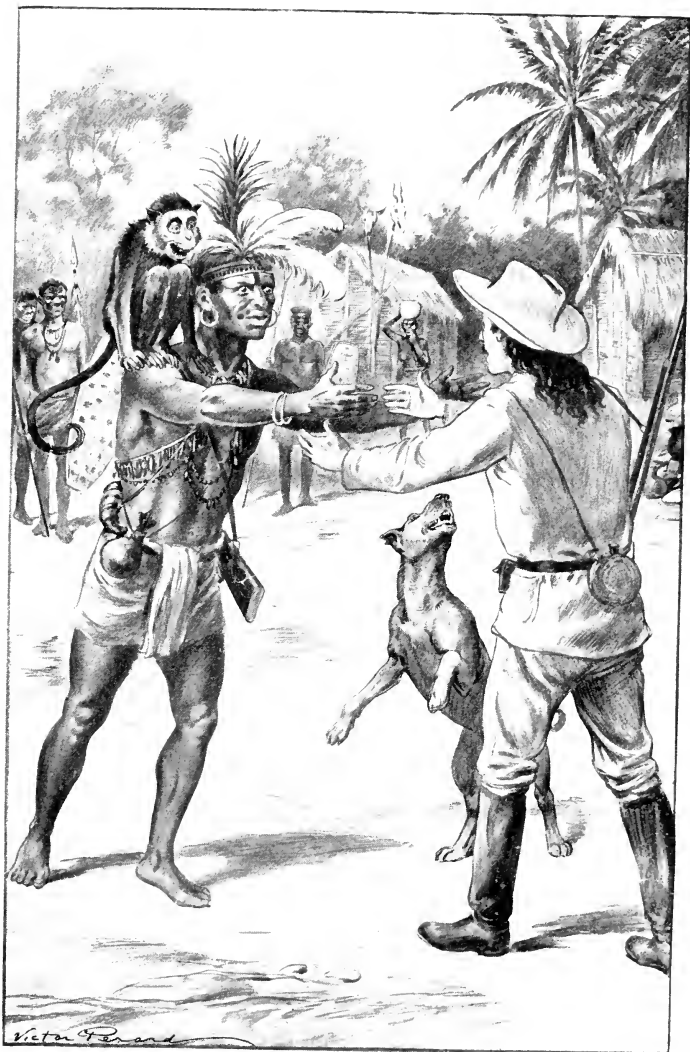
After this he seated himself on the ground, took his ogana out of his bag, and putting it in front of him, he spoke to her thus: "Ogana, you know how much I love you; tell me where is the Oguizi. Tell me if he is angry with me. Please, please, show me the way in the forest where I can find him. Do, ogana, do, ogana." Suddenly a smile came over his face. Ogana had said to him that he would find me. Then putting back his precious ogana in his bag, he continued to seek for me with the dog, Andekko, and Ndova, who stood on his shoulder and now and then wandered in the forest.

Fears succeeded hopes in spite of his ogana. Had the Oguizi left him, and seen all he wanted to see in the big forest, and gone back to the "Land of the Oguizis"? His superstitious mind began to brood again. He had the same belief in regard to me that all the people had, and he was seized with a great fear. Had I changed shape, and was I wandering in the forest as an elephant, antelope, leopard, or as a tiny insect? Perhaps I had taken the shape of a bird and was following him.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

At this thought he looked round to see if he could discover any birds on the trees near him, and saw a big one looking down upon him. He was filled with fear, and said: "Oguizi, if you have taken the shape of that bird, look into my heart and you will see that I love you." Then he took some of the food he had with him, and left a great part of it for the bird, and continued his way, looking now and then up at the branches of the trees to see if the bird was still following him. Then hearing "Hi-Hi-Hi," a noise made by a peculiar species of grasshopper, he thought I might have taken that shape, so I could not be seen by him.

Once more he took his ogana from his bag and invoked her aid. Still he went on his march in search of me, his mind perfectly bewildered with different thoughts. When, lo! to his supreme joy, he discovered some of the marks I had made upon the bark of trees, broken off branches, and large heaps of leaves which I had laid along the path. After this he discovered that I had left the path and gone into the forest; and again he lost all traces of me. He stopped and talked to Andekko and said: "Andekko, we have lost the Oguizi. Perhaps he is gone forever. Perhaps he is in the forest. Let us find him. Help me, Andekko, to find him." Andekko



“When I saw him, I came towards him, and in an instant we were in each other’s arms.”

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

looked into his face and barked. He seemed to know what Rogala said to him. But soon after this he found my traces again, and followed them to the village where I was.

Suddenly the villagers heard a voice outside of the stockade asking: "Is the Oguizi here?"

A number of voices answered: "Yes, the Oguizi is here with us, and slept in our village last night."

Then they opened the door. The man was Rogala, followed by Andekko, and having Ndova on his shoulder. I was at the other end of the street. When I saw him, I came towards him, and in an instant we were in each other's arms, to the great astonishment of the people of the village, who were mute with wonder at our outburst of friendship. Rogala shouted, "We are men! we are men!"

Andekko gave vent to barks of joy, leaping round me, and Ndova jumped from Rogala's shoulder upon mine, uttering the peculiar sounds which showed his pleasure in seeing me again.

After we were seated Rogala recounted to me what I have already told, and at the conclusion of his story he whispered to me: "Oguizi, I hope you have not told where we live in the forest." I whispered, "No;" and after a while the Bakalais crowded round Rogala and asked him all kinds of questions about me.

CHAPTER XXIII

WITCHCRAFT PROCEEDINGS OF THE BAKALAIS — TWO OF THE CLASS “BEWITCHED” — A NEGRO ALBINO — THE IDOL MAKAMBO — HER DREAD APPEARANCE — RETURN TO CAMP — MONKEYS OVERRUN THE CAMP — I DRIVE THEM OFF — ESCAPE OF NDOVA — HIS UNEXPECTED RETURN

THE Bakalais, like all the people of the great forest, were very superstitious, and believed in witchcraft. I found that the people had moved only a few months before, and that they had abandoned their former village on this account. Two men had been “bewitched,” and had died within a day of each other, and this was the cause of the people moving away. When I arrived, they were holding a great council to find out who the sorcerers and witches were, and whether they lived in their village or in some others.

At sunset the children ceased to play, and the village became quiet. There arose in the air one of those mournful, heart-piercing chants, — a long, sustained wail of anguish and sorrow. Tears rolled down the cheeks of the women. “We shall never see An-

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

guilsi any more, we shall never see Obindji any more," they sang over and over. These were the names of the two men who had died. They sang for about half an hour. After a while I saw the people leading about through the dim light what I thought to be a naked white man. I could not believe my eyes, but as he came near me I kept cool and did not show my astonishment. When he came in front of me I recognized the man to be a negro albino, for his features, though his skin was white, were those of a negro. His hair was woolly, his eyes pinkish.

Later in the evening, an idol, called Makambo, was brought out into the street, to remain there all night. It represented a woman, and was of the size of life. She had cloven feet; her eyes and tongue were of copper; she wore bracelets around her arms and rings of copper around her ankles. She had around her neck a necklace of leopard's claws, and as a pendant wore the canine of a leopard also. The skin of a snake was wound around her legs.

That night nobody came out in the street, and nobody talked in the village, for fear of displeasing Makambo. The people expected her to talk to them that night and to give some advice. The medicine man or the chief of the village interprets to the people what the idol says.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

Makambo was very much venerated, and during the night food was put before her. In the morning the people said that Makambo had nodded her head and smiled, showing that she was pleased with the offering of game she had received. But we did not wait to learn the result of the witchcraft proceedings, and leaving the Bakalai we found our way back to our camp.

“I am going into the forest,” I said to Rogala, Shinshooko, and Alapai one morning soon after our return, “to look for new species of birds. Perhaps I shall find some that I have never seen before. I do not intend to go far away.”

My hunters replied: “We three are going to look at all the traps we have made to see if they are in order and if game has been trapped. We are going to take Andekko and leave Ndova in the camp.”

So we all ascended the ladder and wished each other good luck. Nothing strange happened to me. I shot no birds, for I had killed before this specimens of all the species I saw that day, and had stuffed them.

As I approached the camp on my way back, I heard a great uproar among what I thought was a large troop of monkeys, to judge by the noise. They were jabbering away at a great rate, and seemed to be in a great state of excitement. But to my astonishment I dis-

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

covered that they were in our camp. What were they doing there? They were evidently after Ndova. They had come to pay him a visit. He had manifestly called them. I walked carefully, and after ascending the ladder I raised my head above the fence.

The most extraordinary sight was before me. The monkeys had taken possession of our camp. They were everywhere, and wandering around in every direction. They all belonged to the ndova species. I counted seventeen of them. They had clearly arrived just a little before me. A number surrounded Ndova's cage. Some were on the sides, some on the top. They were talking to Ndova, who answered them. They were trying to break the cage. The most eager amongst them was the leader of the troop, a very big fellow.

It was a sight indeed! I was very glad we had made Ndova's house so strong. The leader wanted badly to reach Ndova. He would bite the creepers that tied the poles together, then stop and talk to Ndova, then go to work again.

Unfortunately I could not see what Ndova was doing inside; was he also trying to break his cage and go to the monkeys? I watched silently; but I began to fear that the cage would gradually be broken by the big monkey. So I gave a heavy cough. At

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

this all the monkeys looked around. The big male, their leader, gave a peculiar cry of alarm. In an instant they were all over the fence and among the trees. Soon after I heard them utter loud calls, which Ndova answered. Then all became silent, and after a while I heard the branch of a tree near the palisade bend under the weight of a monkey that had come back. I looked up and saw a very big monkey. He was the leader, and easily recognized by his large size, for he was much bigger than all the others. He began to talk to our monkey, who answered him; then he jumped down upon another branch, and I saw him scale the palisade and get on the top of Ndova's house, and just as he was beginning to try to break into it, I gave a great shout, and the big fellow, in three bounds, fled outside the camp. A short time afterwards he came back again, this time very slyly, and I saw him only when he came over the palisade. I fired a gun. He uttered a shrill cry of fright, fled once more, and never came back.

When my hunters returned, I told them what had happened. After I had finished, Rogala said: "The leader of the troop wanted Ndova to go away with him."

The following day I took Ndova with me into the forest and loosed him. He followed me closely, but

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

I was suddenly startled by his calling monkeys. He was answered at once by the big voice of one of his species. Then I saw Ndova go from tree to tree in the direction of the troop of the ndovas as fast as he could. I shouted, "Ndova, Ndova," but he did not heed my voice and disappeared amongst the trees. I went after him, and after a while I heard a strange racket among the monkeys. They were evidently welcoming Ndova, and were expressing their feelings by different sounds or words of their own.

I gave up Ndova, and was returning to the camp with a sad heart, when all at once I heard a rustling of branches over my head and then a chuckle. It was Ndova. I called him, and soon after he was on my shoulders grinning. I said: "Ndova, you won't catch me again letting you entirely free in the forest. After this you will be tied to a cord when you go out with me." But I had no cord with me then, so I had to leave him to himself. He did not run away, however, and we reached the camp together.

When the men returned in the evening I told them how afraid I had been that we had lost Ndova.

"Yes," they said; "hereafter he must be tied and always led by a rope."

CHAPTER XXIV

WE COME TO THE END OF OUR PROVISIONS — ANTELOPE SKIN BOILED FURNISHES US A REPAST — NDOVA DECOYS MONKEYS AND WE SOON GET FOOD ENOUGH — ALAPAI FINDS FRUITS AND NUTS ALSO

ONE day when Andekko had been hunting by himself, he returned with such a forlorn appearance that we knew he had found nothing. He had been absent about three hours.

“Poor Andekko!” I said to Rogala; “look at his ribs, and how they stick out, and the numerous scars left from the wounds he has received fighting wild animals are more conspicuous than ever.”

He was indeed a sight. The dear old fellow seemed to know that I was talking of him, as he had heard his name, and was looking at me and wagging his tail all the time I was speaking. I fancied he was saying to me: “Let us leave this place. It is no good. There is no game here. Can’t you see how thin I am?”

Looking at Ndova, I said to Rogala: “Ndova is much better off than Andekko. He is not so thin.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

Would you take a knife and kill our friend Ndova, who has been so often the cause of our getting food, thus preventing us from starving?"

Then I recounted one by one all the different times Ndova and Andekko had saved us from hunger or starvation and said: "Rogala, Ndova and Andekko have been faithful to us. We shall be faithful to them, and if we get food we will divide it amongst all of us."

All the time I was thinking what to do to relieve our hunger. We were in desperate straits. Suddenly I said: "Rogala, I have found food."

At my words Rogala brightened up. "Where is the food?" he inquired.

"There," I said, pointing to my bed. He glanced there, but there was no food to be seen, and he looked disappointed.

"Yes, Rogala," I persisted, "there is food on my bed."

Two antelope skins which we had stretched and dried lay on my bed. I had intended to make shoes, leggings, and trousers with them. But, pointing to the two skins, I said: "We will boil these skins and eat them. That will keep us all from starving until we find game."

Rogala's eyes were now full of life and hope. I

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

wondered why I had not thought of this before. So we made preparations at once for a meal. We cut off a part of one of the antelope skins, and poured hot water upon the hair and scraped and washed it afterwards. Then we cut the skin into very small pieces, and boiled these until they became quite soft, after which, as a relish, we added some salt and some red pepper — I could hardly eat anything without pepper. When ready, we poured the contents into a wooden dish. This done, we sat around it, Andekko standing by us and waiting with eager eyes for his share of the boiled skin. We thought the food was not bad, for we were famished.

After the meal I said: "Men, these two antelope skins will furnish us food for three or four days, and that will give us time to find game and nuts." We felt much stronger after our meal.

The following day Shinshooko and Alapai went to look after the traps to see if any animals had been caught. Rogala and I went into the forest with Ndova and Andekko.

After a long walk Ndova uttered the sounds made by his species — the white-nosed monkeys or ndovas. They answered his call; we could hear them coming towards us. Rogala immediately tied Ndova with a rope and held him fast. Then we hid under a short

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

tree with thick foliage. Soon the monkeys were above our heads talking to Ndova, who answered them. We stood still, then moved carefully out of our hiding-place, having in the meantime made Ndova fast to a branch of the tree. We took aim, fired, and two big monkeys fell dead almost upon our heads.

Rogala gave a grim look of satisfaction. Then looking at the two monkeys, I said to Rogala: "Look at what Ndova has done for us. Without him we should be without food and starving."

We could not wait until we returned to the camp. We lighted a big fire, cut one of the monkeys in two, and roasted it. So we had a good meal, and gave a lot to Andekko.

There was great rejoicing that evening in the camp round the roast half of one of the monkeys. Alapai, who had discovered a cluster of trees with nuts, brought a number of tondas, berries and fruits; so Ndova had also a feast.

CHAPTER XXV

I FIND STRANGE FOOTPRINTS ON THE BANKS OF A RIVULET — ROGALA AND I SET OFF IN PURSUIT — WE FIND A MAN UNDER A KOOLA TREE — SURPRISE AND CAPTURE HIM — TERROR OF OUR CAPTIVE — WE TAKE HIM TO CAMP AND DISCOVER HE IS A CANNIBAL

ONE day I had not walked two hours when I was startled by the discovery of two human footprints on the banks of a little rivulet. They looked so fresh that I thought the man had been there but a short time before me. I looked around, but saw no one, and heard nothing. I held one of my revolvers ready to fire at sight.

I hurried back to the camp and told Rogala of my discovery. He listened attentively, and then said with much earnestness: "I wonder if the Bakalais of the village we left have sent a spy to see where we live and learn what we are doing."

"No fear of that, Rogala," I said; "no Bakalai would dare to follow the Oguizi. The man is either an elephant hunter or a runaway slave, or a man who

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

has fled from his tribe or village on being accused of witchcraft."

Rogala got up and went for his gun; then he said: "Oguizi, let us go in search of that man. We must capture him, for who knows but he may have discovered our camp?"

Taking "Bulldog" with me, we started, Rogala whispering to me, as we went along, the well-known caution: "Let us not make more noise than a leopard in search of prey, or a fish swimming."

We came to the little stream where I had seen the footprints. Rogala said to me, after he had looked at them: "This man has taken this rivulet as a path, and followed the water."

With these words he did the same thing. I followed, and we waded down with the current. We had not walked more than one hour when Rogala gave a low click and pointed with his finger to a particular spot near a big tree. Looking in that direction, I saw a man under a koola tree picking up some of the nuts that had fallen on the ground, breaking them with a stone, and eating them voraciously. He had evidently been starving.

We hid behind a tree, and watched silently the movements of the stranger. We did not dare to whisper for fear of being heard.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

Rogala, who was about two yards from me, came to my side, and made a sign to move away further. He was very much excited. His forehead was covered with perspiration. When we were at a safe distance, he whispered: "This man is not a Bakalai; he is from a far country. I think he has run away from his people. Let us surprise him, and if he runs away from us I will shoot at him and kill him."

I saw by the looks of Rogala that he was in earnest.

"No, Rogala," I replied, "we must not kill him if he runs away, but try to capture him. Then we shall find out where he comes from, and how far off his country is. As soon as we come near him we will shout to him to stand still. I will fire 'Bulldog,' and if he has never heard a gun fired in his life he will be so scared that he will not move. If he runs away, we will run after him. We are good runners, we can go quickly through the jungle. Now let us crawl towards him; you keep on his right, I on his left."

We walked so carefully that not one of our steps could be heard. Rogala once moved towards me just to whisper: "Oguizi, he must not escape from us."

We saw that the man had a bag of poisoned arrows hanging by his side, and on the ground lay his bow.

Nearer and nearer we came to the stranger, who

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

was busy breaking the koola nuts, when suddenly he turned round and looked in our direction. Fortunately we crouched in time by a fallen tree. Had he heard us? We peeped above the tree. No, for he again began to crack koola nuts, and was putting the kernels in a little bag. We were within ten yards of him.

Suddenly, without a word of warning, Rogala jumped up, crossed the stream, and uttered a terrific war-cry, running towards the man. When I saw this, I fired "Bulldog" and ran also towards him. The poor fellow seemed to be spellbound and unable to get up. As we came up to him, he took hold of Rogala's feet, which meant that he put himself under his protection, and looked at me with great terror. He trembled all over, and could not utter a word.

I looked at him and smiled, but this did not seem to reassure him. Rogala spoke to him in several languages that he had learned from other slaves, but our prisoner shook his head to show that he did not understand. Then I spoke to him in several of the languages I had learned, but he understood me no better. Thereupon we made signs to try to find out from where he came. At this he looked up, trying to see from the light where the sun was. Then he pointed in the direction of the east.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

“He must be from a far-off country,” I said to Rogala, “for he seems not to understand any of the languages we have spoken to him.”

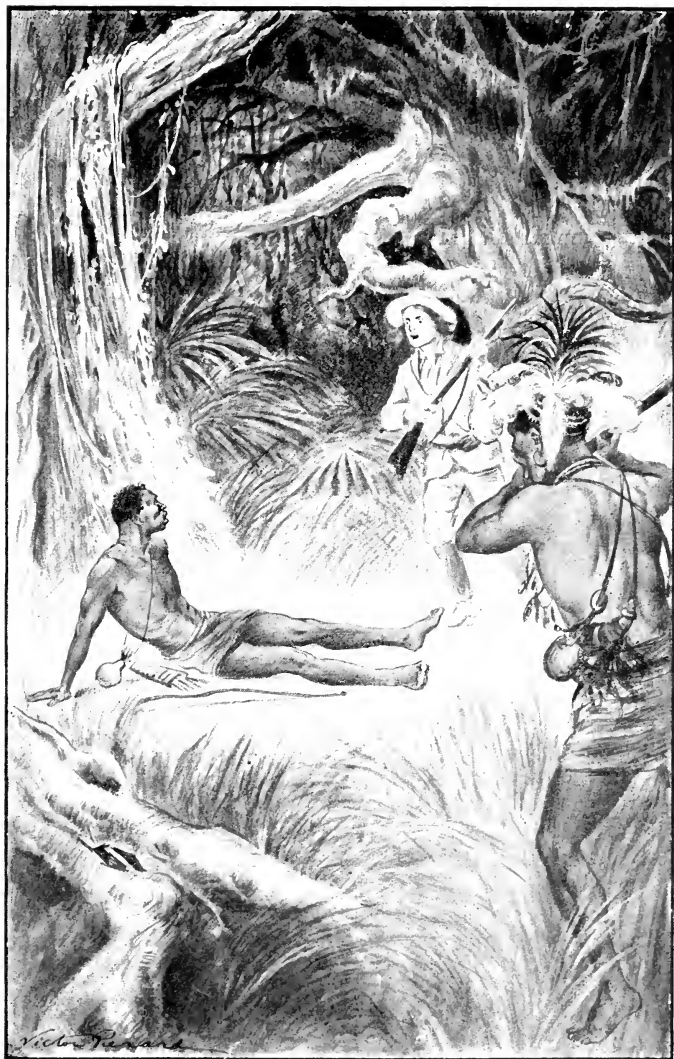
Our captive was tall, and emaciated from hunger. His teeth were filed sharp to a point, and gave him a very savage appearance. Every part of his body except his legs was tattooed all over. On his stomach was the representation of a crocodile, showing that he must have lived on the shore of a lake or of a river. Upon his cheeks were spots of the size of large peas. His forehead was also tattooed.

“We must be very watchful,” said Rogala; “perhaps the man understands some of the languages we spoke to him, after all.”

Then he broke the man’s bow, and buried his bag of poisoned arrows in the ground, for fear that man or beast would be hurt by them.

Our prisoner was very much frightened when he saw this, and looked at me with imploring eyes. He had divined instinctively that I was the master; his looks seemed to say: “Do not kill me!”

After a pause I said: “Rogala, if our prisoner tries to run away, let us spare his life and not shoot him; every man tries to run away from the people he fears in search of liberty. You would do likewise if Rotembo were not a good master.”



“Suddenly Rogala uttered a terrific war-cry and ran towards the man.”

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

Rogala looked at me in blank astonishment, and then said: "Oguizi, I will not try to kill him if he runs away; but," he added, "he must not run away."

We let our prisoner crack more koola nuts, and waited until his appetite was satisfied; then we started for our camp, our captive walking between Rogala, who led, and myself in the rear. Rogala had taken the precaution to tie his hands behind his back before starting. We walked silently, not one of us uttering a word until we came to our palisade. Our captive then showed signs of great fear.

I told Rogala to go over first and tie Andekko, for I was sure the dog would try to bite him. When we were all inside, we gave our prisoner a good warm meal of plantains — a few of which still remained — and a piece of monkey. Rogala washed his body with warm water and then rubbed it with oil, for his skin was dried and parched; he seemed very grateful. Soon he fell asleep on the bare ground.

Looking at him as he slept, I said to Rogala: "The poor fellow may have been days and weeks in the forest subsisting on nuts, berries, and fruit when he could find them, avoiding all the time the paths for fear of coming in contact with people. For you know," I continued, "that as soon as a man is out of his country, and comes out of his circle of friends belong-

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

ing to another tribe, he is sure to be captured and made a slave."

"That is true," replied Rogala. "To-morrow morning we will try to learn something about him."

Andekko did not take kindly to our new-comer, and growled at him all the time. We agreed to watch in turn over the captive during the night, as his bonds were not very strong. We lighted several fires round him, and tied Andekko for fear that he might bite him.

When I awoke in the morning, I saw that he was still asleep, Andekko watching him and growling at him now and then. I looked for Rogala, but he was not there. I wondered where he had gone. Soon after I heard an axe. Rogala was cutting down a tree. After a while all became silent, and Rogala appeared before me and told me that he had cut two logs. After he had brought these inside, Rogala went to work on a "nchogo," and I guessed at once that it was to keep our prisoner captive and prevent him from running away. The nchogo is composed of two logs with holes,—the larger one to imprison the feet, the smaller for the hands.

The poor fellow was very much frightened when he saw the nchogo. He knew that it was for him. When I saw this, I said to Rogala: "This man belongs

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

to a tribe living in the great forest, for he knows what a nchogo is. In a barren or prairie country they have no trees to make nchogos of. But we must treat our prisoner gently, give him plenty of food to show him that we care for him and that we are his friends. Then in a few days, after he has got accustomed to us, we will free him from the nchogo.”

That day we gave him three meals, and ate by his side, and he saw that we had the same food.

When evening came, I said: “Rogala, you will go to sleep while I watch.”

Soon both Rogala and our prisoner were asleep. Towards two o'clock I awoke Rogala for the watch and went to sleep myself.

In the morning I said: “Rogala, let us think over and see if you and I have spoken to our prisoner all the languages and dialects we know.”

So we began to think, and finally Rogala said: “I did not speak to him in the Osheba language.”

“Why,” said I, “do you think he is a cannibal?”

“Perhaps he is,” he replied.

Rogala spoke to him then in Osheba, and had uttered but a few words when the man's face brightened up, for he found that we should be able to understand him. He was a cannibal. There was no doubt about it.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

Several days passed by. We got along very well with our captive, although he was kept in stocks. He seemed contented with his lot. He found that we treated him otherwise like one of ourselves. He ate with us, and consequently had the same food. When food was very scarce, we divided it equally among us, but of course when we had only nuts or berries he had only these to eat, and if we were hungry he had to go hungry also.

Several times I proposed to Rogala to take him out of the nchogo, but Rogala was always unwilling. Thinking that he was wiser than I in this matter, as he knew the native character better than I did, I let him have his own way.

We had given the name of Akenda-Mbani ("never go twice to the same place") to our prisoner, for we knew that he would never go back to his own country.

One afternoon Shinshooko and Alapai made their appearance, bringing with them four elephants' tusks. They had found two elephants in the pits they had dug in the forest for the purpose of entrapping the huge beasts.

They were very much astonished when they saw Akenda-Mbani and we told them how we had captured him.

CHAPTER XXVI

NDOVA FALLS SICK — STUNG BY A SCORPION OR BITTEN BY A CENTIPEDE — REFUSES TO EAT — GROWS WEAKER IN SPITE OF ALL OUR CARE AND NURSING — ONE MORNING I FIND HIM DEAD — WE MAKE A COFFIN FOR HIM AND BURY HIM IN THE FOREST

THE following morning, to my astonishment and no small consternation, Ndova was ill, and refused to eat the berries and nuts given to him, of which ordinarily he was very fond. He looked at them, but would not even take them in his hands. His body was hot, and it was evident that he had a high fever. His heart beat very fast. It was very strange, I thought; he had been so well the evening before.

I said to Rogala: "I wonder if Ndova could have been stung by a scorpion or a centipede during the night, or perhaps a small poisonous snake entered his house and bit him when he tried to play with it."

"No," said Rogala, "monkeys are like people; they are afraid of snakes and do not play with them."

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

I took Ndova on my knees and examined his body, on which I discovered a red spot, showing that he had been stung either by a scorpion or a centipede.

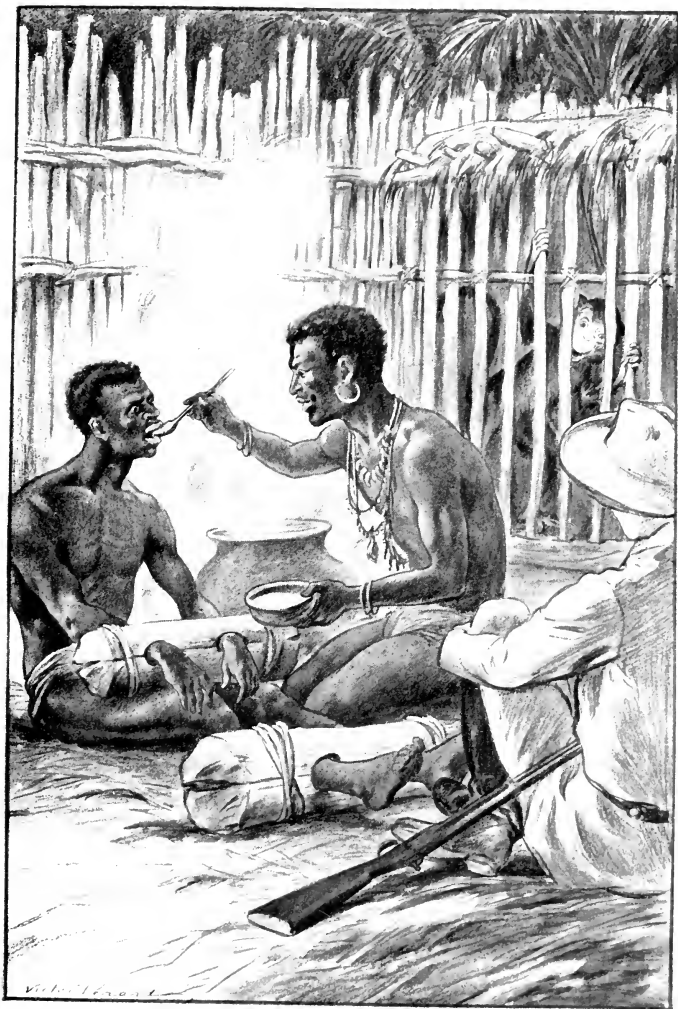
“Look!” I said to Rogala, pointing out the place to him. “Ndova has been stung by a scorpion or a centipede.”

“It is so,” replied Rogala.

There are two or three species of centipedes and scorpions; the very poisonous ones are dark red, almost black. Rogala looked carefully at the red spot, and then said in a thoughtful and sad voice: “I am afraid it is all over with Ndova, for we black men die of the sting of this bad kind of scorpion and centipede, or else, if we escape, we are very ill. Their stings are often as dangerous as the bites of poisonous snakes.”

I immediately gave a little dose of medicine to Ndova, but it did not seem to do him any good. That night we all went to sleep feeling very sad.

At break of day I went to Ndova to see how he was. I said, “Good-morning, Ndova,” but he remained quiet in his little house. He did not come out, as he had always done before, and jump on my shoulder, and give a chuckle, which probably meant in the monkey language of the ndova tribe, “I am glad to see you.”



“He ate with us, and consequently had the same food.”



IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

Instead of the chuckle I heard an indistinct sound, and he looked at me in a forlorn way as if to say, "I am very ill."

I felt his body. It was hotter than the day before, and his pulse beat so quickly that I felt he could not live much longer.

I shouted to Rogala: "Ndova is very, very ill; come and look at him;" and he came.

"Truly," he said, "Ndova is very, very ill indeed."

"If Ndova dies," I said, "we lose a very good friend who has been invaluable to us in this forest. Never shall we get another monkey as intelligent."

In the course of a few days poor Ndova had grown so thin that we could hardly recognize him. His eyes had entirely lost their mischievous expression, and could only give us a blank look. I put a little jacket on him which I made out of a woollen shirt. I made a little bed, shaking the leaves thoroughly, and laid him upon it, and covered him with what was left of the woollen shirt. Then I said: "Ndova, I am going into the forest to get berries for you."

When I returned I put some berries before his lips, but his mouth did not open to eat them. "Eat these, Ndova," I said to him; but he only answered me by a look. Before dark I went to say good-night to

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

him, but he had not the strength to move his arms, which were under his little blanket. I tucked him in, and while I was doing so, his eyes looked at me in a blank sort of way. I said to him: "Dear Ndova, I wish you could know how much we think of you, and how we shall miss you if you die."

"I do not think we shall find Ndova alive tomorrow morning," I said to Rogala, who was by my side.

I went to bed with a heavy heart, thinking how many times Ndova had rescued us from hunger and perhaps starvation. I awoke several times during the night, and each time I got up and went to see if Ndova was dead. His life was ebbing away, his pulse was very low, but he still breathed.

In the morning I found Ndova dead. He looked as if he were asleep under his blanket. I shouted to Rogala: "Ndova is dead." Then we stood mournfully by his side, and Rogala said with a sad voice: "Ndova will follow us no more in the forest."

We cut a big log, split it in two, and dug a big hole inside. This was to be the coffin of Ndova, and we laid his body in it.

After this we dug a grave at the foot of a tree near Rogala's house and collected stones. When everything was ready, Rogala and I carried the coffin to the

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

grave, followed by Shinshooko, Alapai, and Akenda-Mbani.

With my knife I carved upon the bark the following inscription :

HERE LIES NDOVA

OUR FRIEND

Then we put the coffin into the grave, covered it with earth, and surrounded it by stones. My hunters and I hardly spoke to each other that day.

CHAPTER XXVII

I GO HUNTING IN THE FOREST WITH ANDEKKO —
DISAPPEARANCE OF THE DOG — SOUNDS OF A FIERCE
CONFLICT — I FIND ANDEKKO FIGHTING WITH A
MANDRILL — HE KILLS HIS ENEMY, BUT DIES OF HIS
WOUNDS — BURIED IN THE FOREST

WE felt very lonely after the death of Ndova. But, alas! his loss was not to prove our only misfortune. I went one day alone into the forest and took Andekko with me. After walking three or four miles I came to a part of the forest where there was no jungle. Such tracts are often found, especially where water has been long standing during the rainy season. I walked consequently noiselessly, looking carefully all around me as I went.

Andekko had disappeared in search of game. After a while I saw three large mandrills, the largest I had ever seen, walking away from me. Mandrills of that size are very formidable animals and have terrible canines. They were out of sight, and I had been unable to shoot at them, as trees were in my way.

I kept on, nevertheless, when I was suddenly startled by the fierce barking of Andekko. Then I heard a

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

howl of pain from him, followed immediately by a shrill shriek from an animal which I thought must be one of the mandrills I had seen. I hurried as fast as I could towards the place whence the cries came, and once more I heard the fierce barking of Andekko.

I was not mistaken. When I reached him, as I soon did, Andekko had pinned the mandrill down and they were fighting savagely. Andekko was covered with blood. One of his ears hung limp. He had a terrible gash in his back, and part of his lower lip was badly cut. The mandrill's teeth had made sad havoc with poor Andekko.

But the mandrill lay underneath him on the ground, the blood flowing from his neck profusely. Andekko's teeth had probably bitten through the jugular vein. But what big teeth the mandrill had! When he saw me, he uttered a piercing cry. I shouted to Andekko again and again, but he did not heed my voice in the least. He glared with rage, and his hair stood up straight on his back. Nothing could have made him give up his prey. He had hold of the mandrill in such manner that the latter could not bite him. They rolled on the ground on the top of each other. Andekko clung fast. The mandrill tried with his feet to push Andekko off, and uttered scream after scream. But before long he stopped, and at last all

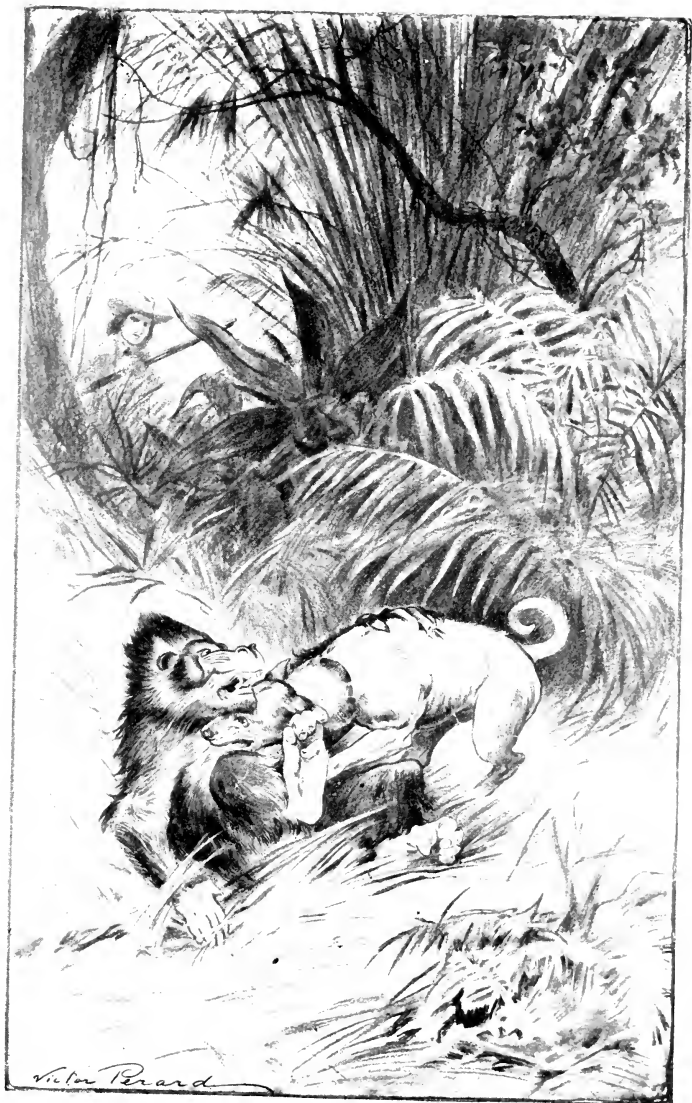
IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

became silent. The neck of the mandrill had been torn to pieces. The rage of Andekko was so great that it took me quite a while to make him loose his hold.

The mandrill was dead, but poor Andekko was a terrible sight. I said to him: "Andekko, you are a brave and fearless dog." Then I tore some strips from my shirt and bandaged his wounds to stop their bleeding. He had great difficulty in following me, he was so weak. I walked very slowly. At last we reached the camp, and it was hard to make him go through the aperture made in the fence for him to go out and come in at. My hunters had returned, and we all felt sorry for poor Andekko. He seemed utterly dejected. We made a bed of dry leaves for him to lie upon, and boiled some monkey meat for him. But when it was done and offered to him, he refused it. Poor Andekko had the fever, like Ndova, and, like Ndova, he lingered but a short time. We made a grave for him outside of the camp at the foot of a tree, and we buried him there.

I cut upon the bark with my knife :

HERE LIES
ANDEKKO THE BRAVE
A FAITHFUL DOG
TO HIS DEATH



“Andekko had pinned the mandrill down and they were fighting savagely.”

CHAPTER XXVIII

OUR PROVISIONS FAIL — ATTACKED AGAIN BY BASHIKOUAYS — RELEASE OF AKENDA-MBANI FROM HIS FETTERS — HE PROVES A GOOD TRAPPER — “GOUAMBA” — MY WAKING VISIONS — ANOTHER HUNTING EXPEDITION — WE KILL TWO MONKEYS, THEN STARVE AGAIN

BERRIES and nuts had become very scarce and we had to go a long way to gather them, for those that were near our camp had been eaten. Game had also become very scarce. One day we all set out for the depths of the forest together. Before leaving the camp we made signs to Akenda-Mbani that we were going after food, by opening our mouths and drawing our stomachs in, to show that they were empty. He evidently understood us, for he smiled.

“If we fail to find food,” said Rogala, “it will be on account of witchcraft; yes,” he shouted, “it will be on account of witchcraft. I have always suspected Okambi of being a sorcerer, and it will be his witchcraft that will cause our starving.”

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

“Sh—sh—sh, Rogala,” said I, “if you speak so loud you will scare the game.” The very thought of witchcraft had made Rogala forget himself.

Though we walked all day, we found no nuts or berries of any consequence. The season of the koola nuts was nearly over, and the wild boars had been under the trees we knew. We saved some of such nuts and berries as we found, however, for Akenda-Mbani.

Suddenly we were attacked by the dreaded bashikouay ants and had to flee for camp. “Let us hurry as fast as we can, Rogala,” said I, “for Akenda-Mbani is in nchogo, and if the bashikouays pass that way he is sure to be devoured by them, and we may only see his skeleton on our arrival.”

We hurried back as fast as our legs could carry us, and it was a good thing that we returned. Otherwise we should surely have found only the skeleton of Akenda-Mbani, as I had said, for we had not been at home an hour before the bashikouays made their appearance.

Fortunately we were ready to receive them. In a number of places within our enclosure firewood had been piled up and was all ready to be lighted. Water was boiling in all the pots we had, and we had plenty of hot ashes. The smoke prevented the bashikouays

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

from ascending the trees, and we spread hot ashes wherever they appeared.

After this I said to Rogala: "We must take Akenda-Mbani out of the nchogo. I do not care whether he runs away or not. I do not want his death on my head or on yours. The Oguizi wishes nobody to die. Just think what a narrow escape he had! If he had been eaten up by the bashikouays, it would have been our fault. It will never do to keep a man in nchogo unless some one is near to watch him."

"You are right, Oguizi. It is so; it is so," he repeated half a dozen times. Then he added thoughtfully: "Yes, when people have been discovered to be wizards, they are tied to a tree when the bashikouays are in the neighborhood, and in a short time nothing is left of them but their bones."

So Rogala and I took Akenda-Mbani out of his nchogos, first freeing his hands, and then his feet.

I felt now quite happy, for Akenda-Mbani was free, and if we had been sure of him at first he would not have been placed in nchogo at all. He was now one of us. The next day we all went again into the forest in search of firewood, and without being told to do so, Akenda took a heavy load on his back, and carried it to the camp. The day following, he went into the

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

forest by himself, and set traps for game, coming back with a porcupine and a pangolin or ant-eater. So plenty was in the camp once more for the moment. The porcupine meat is very good, the pangolin's was very strong.

But when these were eaten, no more game was trapped, and we again boiled some of the antelope skin.

I had such a "gouamba" — that is, such a longing for meat — that the nuts and the boiled antelope skin became loathsome to me. I ate them just as a man would eat, day after day, bread soaked in water.

What a fearful meaning there is, I said to myself, "in that native word 'gouamba'!" I spent hours in a sort of waking dream in which I fancied that I had returned home, and had met many friends, one after another, as I walked about the streets. The first one would say: "Hello, is that you, Paul? Welcome home. Won't you dine with me to-day? My wife and children will be so glad to see you back again. We have roast beef to-night."

Then, in a moment, I found myself at the family table. A big, juicy piece of roast beef was before my eyes on the table. I saw my friend cut the roast beef. A big piece was served to me. I was then asked if I would have sweet potatoes, corn, and other vegetables.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

I could see the smoke rise from these hot dishes. How I enjoyed the pudding and the ice-cream at the end of the dinner!

I went out and met another friend who also asked me to dinner. This one had turkey instead of roast beef. How I looked at the turkey! It had been roasted to a nicety, and was a rich brown all over. Then my friend asked: "Paul, which piece do you like best?" To which I answered: "I have no choice." Then a large piece was put on a plate for me with the stuffing. The waitress would pass the cranberry sauce, then the potatoes and the green peas. How good all these tasted! Then came the strawberries and the ice-cream. Then more dinners, with other friends. How I enjoyed these in my imagination! Then hunger would stop, and then come back with ten times greater force. We drank as much water as we could, for there is nourishment in water.

Akenda-Mbani went to look after his traps one day, and Rogala and I went hunting. We were in desperate straits. We had gone quite a distance from the camp, and had seen nothing, when suddenly I thought I heard something in the distance. I gave a "click." As soon as Rogala heard it he stopped and then came to my side. I had heard, as I thought, monkeys leaping from tree to tree. We stood still, and the

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

noise became gradually louder. The monkeys were evidently coming in our direction. Hope of food loomed before our eyes. Then all became silent; the monkeys had manifestly stopped upon some fruit-bearing trees, and were feeding. At such times they are always still, for they do not want to attract the attention of other monkeys.

We went in the direction where we thought they were, looking at the tops of the trees as we went along. After a while we heard nuts falling on the ground. Soon we came under the tree, and pulp and seeds fell upon our heads and all around us. Looking up, we saw the monkeys. I counted seventeen of them; they were nkagos, and were so busy eating that they did not notice us.

We picked out two of the biggest, aimed at them carefully, and fired. They fell on the ground with a great crash. In the meantime the troop gave a shrill cry of fear and decamped with the utmost speed, and for a long time afterwards we could hear the noise of the branches as they rose again after the monkeys had leaped to others. When they thought they were far from danger, they stopped and uttered the peculiar nkago cry, calling upon their missing companions; but no answer came back to them, for our two monkeys were stone dead.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

They kept calling again and again, however, for a time; then at last we heard nothing more. We swung the monkeys over our backs, and had regained the hunting path leading towards our camp, when I thought I heard a slight noise on a tree. I looked up, thinking a bird had made it, when to my surprise I saw a monkey looking down upon us. He was a nkago, and was following his dead mate, and looking down upon her in deep silence. I could see his human-like eyes watching us. He had wondered why his call had not been answered by her, had left the troop to seek her, and then seen her lifeless form on the back of Rogala. He seemed to know that something was wrong. I would have given a good deal to know his thoughts.

We continued on our way. The monkey kept following us, watching, peeping down upon us and upon his dead mate. When we stopped, he stopped, his eyes always looking down upon us. I see them still to this day. I was so sorry I had killed his mate. I noticed that he never jumped from one limb of a tree to another, but crept along their trunks and branches, evidently wishing to make no noise to attract attention. He followed us to our camp. I could not tell why, but I did not feel like eating monkey that evening, for I thought I

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

had never in an animal seen eyes with such a human expression. The next morning I saw him for an instant; he was still looking for his mate. But that was my last glimpse of him. He probably went back to his troop.

CHAPTER XXIX

DECIDE TO BREAK UP OUR CAMP AND RETURN —
ARRIVAL AT ROGALA'S HOME — I MAKE MYSELF A
PAIR OF SKIN TROUSERS — DEPARTURE FOR RO-
TEMBO'S VILLAGE — OUR GRAND RECEPTION AND
SUCCEEDING FESTIVITIES — ROTEMBO'S PROMISE —
FAREWELL

THE monkey meat did not last more than two days. Then food became as scarce as before. We had clearly exhausted that part of the forest.

“The times are hard with us,” I said to Rogala; “the bashikouays have driven the game away. There are no more koola nuts. Let us go back to your home, where we shall find plenty of plantain and cassava.”

Rogala agreed readily to my proposal. The two following days we rested and made preparations for our departure. I was very glad to return to the home of my hunters. My clothes were in tatters; hardly anything was left of my trousers; I had worn out all my shoes; my old panama hat was a sight.

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

Joyfully we left our old forest camp, and after an uneventful journey we reached the home of my hunters. It was time indeed. How well I slept in my little hut that night! All the things I had left behind were exactly in the same place. No one had touched them.

I had saved skins of the gazelles we had killed, and I sewed them together first; then I took what was left of my trousers and put them on the skins and marked out the pattern with charcoal. Then I cut up the skins and sewed with my big needle, and at the end of the day I had made a pair of skin trousers. I also covered my old shoes with gazelle skin.

When I had furnished myself with something to wear, we prepared to return to Chief Rotembo. All my hunters and Akenda-Mbani were to accompany me. Many bunches of plantain were collected; the men went hunting and killed an antelope for Rotembo, and the following morning we left, one canoe loaded with the skins and bones of the animals I had killed and with the birds I had stuffed.

After a pleasant trip down the Ogobai, we arrived at the village of Rotembo amid the firing of guns and the beating of the tomtoms.

The news quickly spread that the Oguizi had returned, and many people came flocking to our



“At the end of the day I had made a pair of skin trousers.”



IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

village. Canoe after canoe was to be seen coming from up or down the river all the time.

Then a great meeting took place. Rotembo was dressed in state, and made a great speech, saying how much he loved me. The crowd shouted, "Great is Rotembo, the friend of the Oguizi! Great is the Oguizi!" Tomtoms beat and guns were fired.

Then I arose, and in the midst of a profound silence I made a speech. "Rotembo," I said, "I love you and your people. When I was hungry you gave me food; when I was thirsty you gave me water. You gave me shelter and nothing was stolen from me." At these words a great shout of joy arose. The tomtoms beat furiously, and more guns were fired.

"You gave me Rogala, your faithful slave," I continued; "I bring him back to you. There are Shinshooko and Alapai also, your faithful slaves, who love you. They with their wives and children have been kind to me. There is Akenda-Mbani, whom we found in the forest. Now, Rotembo, you are my friend." (All shouted, "He is your friend!") "Never let one of these men or their wives be sold."

"I will never sell them," cried Rotembo.

Then the great meeting broke up. Rotembo and his people drank a great quantity of fermented drinks they had made to celebrate my return. There was a grand

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

ball which lasted all night. Rotembo himself danced, and came before me singing and dancing in the midst of vociferous cheers by the people.

The next day I prepared a great feast that Rotembo and I were to eat together. The bottom of our canoe was to be our table. Rogala, Shinshooko, Alapai, and Akenda-Mbani were seated at a table close to ours. Rotembo's wives waited upon us. A mass of people formed a great circle round us, and looked at us, and one of them said: "The great Oguizi loves also Rogala and Shinshooko, Alapai and Akenda-Mbani."

In the evening I called my hunters together, and gave each a new gun, powder, and some iron bars. I gave them beads for their wives also, and the next day I accompanied them to their canoe and bade them good-bye. They felt sad to leave me, and as they embarked, Rogala said: Oguizi, come again to see us at our plantation."

The people believed that I had killed Andekko and Ndova to take them with me, and wondered why I had not killed my hunters to take them with me also. "When they die," said they, "the Oguizi will take them with him, for he loves them."

Two days afterwards, I bade good-bye to Rotembo. He invoked the spirits of his ancestors, and came to the shore to see me off. He had given me people

IN AFRICAN FOREST AND JUNGLE

and a canoe to take me to another part of the great forest, to a great king who was his father-in-law. And with the stars and stripes floating at the stern of my canoe I was paddled out of sight of Rotembo and his village.





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